The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1926 NUMBER 597

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The Week

NEGOTIATORS on both sides of a dispute probably never wanted peace more sincerely than Premier Baldwin and the leaders of the Trades Union Congress of Great Britain. When, in such circumstances, war results, it is a sign that the real causes of the conflict are to be found not in the last-minute manœuvres of the disputants, but in a historic course of events which has put the immediate situation beyond their control. It is not because union leaders rashly decided on a general strike, or because Mr. Baldwin took the position that he could not continue negotiations unless the strike order were withdrawn, that Great Britain has entered upon her greatest industrial crisis. The general strike order was not an inspiration of the moment, it was an outgrowth of a long and intricate series of events. It clearly would have been withdrawn even at the last hour if the labor leaders could have seen the slightest hope that negotiations on the coal dispute could be continued without surrender of their last ditch at the beginning. Likewise Mr. Baldwin could easily have averted the general strike and could have disregarded its threat by simply continuing negotiations on the mine issue. But he must have seen clearly that he could not satisfy the miners without abandoning private operation of the coal industry, and this measure he could not have brought his party to accept even if he himself had wanted it. He therefore chose a good tactical position for the inevitable struggle by emphasizing the general strike and its alleged threat to the Constitution.

IT IS necessary to understand broadly labor's position on coal. During the War labor students of the coal problem explained their conviction that the industry was wastefully organized and must, both for the sake of the miners and for the sake of the public, be nationalized. Political and industrial wings of the labor movement accepted this conclusion. The government, by post-war decontrol of the industry, turned it back to its private owners much against labor's will. Almost at once the threatened disaster to the miners began to appear. A Royal Commission under the chairmanship of Justice Sankey was appointed to avert trouble. After exhaustive hearings and study it reported, the labor members favoring complete nationalization, Justice Sankey favoring a slightly different plan of nationalization, and the operators favoring less drastic but substantial reforms. Neither the government nor the operators did anything, however, to effectuate any of these reports. Since then crisis after crisis has come and gone, each time with the threat that the ills of the industry would be assessed on the miners by lower wages or longer hours. In each crisis serious trouble has been temporarily averted by a compromise not touching the basic reorganization of the industry which every serious student of the subject knows to be essential. Labor through its political wing has never ceased urging nationalization, and would have brought it about by Parliamentary action had it ever commanded a majority in Commons. Not having a majority, however, labor has through its industrial wing steadfastly held the position that whatever is done to the industry, the miners' standards must not suffer. If the propertied interests wish to hold the responsibility of coal mining in private hands, they must also hold the responsibility of maintaining, in any way they can, the miners' standards.

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IT was after this history of repeated crises and disappointments, of profound distrust that either mine owners or government would do anything, that the recent controversy began. A threatened mine strike against lower wages was averted by a governmental subsidy to keep the industry going at existing wage levels while another Commission should investigate it. This Commission went over again the familiar data, and came out with the conclusion that the industry must be reorganized by nationalization of the coal in the ground, consolidation of mining operations, and other reforms. This part of the report labor was not willing to accept in toto, but would have taken as a basis for negotiations. What caused the trouble was the Commission's recommendation that the subsidy cease at once, before the reorganization was undertaken, and that immediate adjustments be made to allow the industry to continue by lower wages in certain districts and collieries. Again labor was asked to surrender its cherished standards before anything else was done. With the experience of the past six years behind it, labor felt with good reason that once the industry was allowed to assess its immediate losses on miners' wages, any assurance that more fundamental measures would be undertaken either by the operators or by a party in power representing the propertied interests would disappear. The battle would be lost at the very beginning. It is one thing to reorganize an industry so as to continue it without loss on the basis of existing wage standards; it is another and much harder thing to reorganize it so as to raise lowered standards already accepted.

VIRTUALLY the whole trade-union movement has been brought to the conviction that on such an issue defeat of the miners will mean defeat of labor in general. Why allow lower standards to be imposed piecemeal on the workers of the various industries, and thus permit capitalism and the profit system, which British labor believes must be gradually modified in favor of a more efficient order, to continue in the old way at the expense of the wage-earners? From such reflections has arisen the movement for a general strike in behalf of the miners' standards. One was projected several years ago by the old Triple Alliance; it fell to pieces at the last moment; but the miners striking alone could not force a decisive issue. Labor proceeded to organize its forces more effectively. There have been many in the movement who have deplored this threat, feeling that fundamental changes must be brought about in the "constitutional way" by Parliamentary action. But Parliamentary power has been indefinitely deferred, and in the meantime labor has been forced into defensive warfare on the industrial field. The pressure of the active rank and file has been too strong for the conservative trade-union leaders who feared the general strike. These leaders eventually found themselves in a position where to prevent the general strike order in support of the miners they would have to sacrifice the miners' standards with no assurance of anything in return, and this they could not do and retain their leadership. They would have been generals watching their armies go on to battle without orders and without plan; the battle would not have been prevented, but serious disorder and defeat would have been well-nigh certain.

PREMIER Baldwin, in turn, though not liking the task of enforcing lower wages upon the miners, found himself in a situation where he had to do so if the coal industry was to remain under private control and was to settle its own difficulties. Many mines cannot operate under present wages. Possibly existing rates could be paid to a somewhat smaller force after a thorough-going reorganization. But that reorganization has not yet been undertaken by the private interests in control. In order to prevent lower wages, therefore, the government would have had to assume responsibility for the industry. It could have continued the subsidy, but if it had done so, the owners would have had no incentive to reform. It could have taken over the industry, met its deficit, if any, and effectuated the reforms under public administration. But to do so would be to do substantially what the Labor party has been urging; if Premier Baldwin believed in action of this kind he would be, not in the ranks of the Conservatives, but in the opposition. The general strike looks to him like an effort on the part of labor to force him and the elected majority behind him to adopt the policy of the minority, and as such he regards it as a threat to constitutional government. This gives him his fighting issue. It may turn out that Baldwin, the moderate and conciliatory, may thus become the agent of smashing the trade-union movement and fastening the fetters of capitalist dictatorship on the wage-earners for years. Or it may turn out that he will become the agent of the minority in carrying out at least part of their wishes. A fight to the finish under present circumstances is likely to lead to one or other of these conclusions.

IN spite of the Washington administration's coolness and caution, the demand of the farmers to be let into the inside of the protective system will not be downed. It is becoming clearer every day that the weatherwise politician in the White House is beginning to see that in this instance a policy of do-nothing is likely to cost more votes than can safely be spared; and Congress is in such a tremor that not only the administration's substitute bill but the farmers' own Haugen bill is to be given respectful consideration. Probably the one thing that did more than anything else to create this feeling was the defeat of Senator McKinley in the Illinois Republican primaries—with which appar-

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ently his stand on the World Court had less to do than the farmer revolt which ex-Governor Lowden is so ably leading. Mr. Coolidge is too wary to allow this issue to develop into open warfare between himself and Mr. Lowden, with the mid-western farm groups (not the North Dakota and Minnesota "radicals") on Lowden's side. And many Congressmen who care for their future would be reluctant to go on record with Mr. Coolidge if he did open this breach in his party. The debate and vote on the farmers' measures therefore open up a very pretty political problem.

NOT less of a problem, however, is offered by the economic realities back of the farmers' plea. There is no doubt that at present not only the protective tariff system but almost the whole business set-up favors machine industry as opposed to agriculture. There is no doubt that agrarian unrest will continue until either something effective happens to turn the tide or agriculture assumes a very minor rôle in the nation's economy. The farmers have asked for tariffs and got them; but having got the tariffs they found that duties did not really protect them against world competition in commodities where exportable surpluses arise. Their demand for governmental aid in dumping their surpluses abroad at world prices while maintaining protected prices in this country is therefore quite logical. Such aid would be, if it would work, a way of restoring the balance hitherto tipped to their disfavor. If every group in the country could receive protection equivalent to that given every other group, we should by a long and clumsy process have reached the same stage of economic justice which we should have had if we had never embarked on a protective policy at all. The general economic welfare would suffer only to the extent that uneconomic domestic industries were being supported. But such a goal is extremely difficult of attainment. If equalization fees are levied on producers in order to finance the deficits of exporting agencies, will the same people pay the fees who profit by the dumping? Hardly, in the cases at least of meat products and wheat. And even if a straight subsidy is resorted to, can it be applied with success to the object in mind unless the farmers succeed in limiting their production? Perhaps it will take a demonstration of failure in one or more of these respects to bring the farmers around to a policy which we regard as sounder in the long run—a more fundamental attack on the protected industrial system.

THE Congressional session began with a victory for the administration in the passage by Congress of the whole Mellon program of tax revision, and during its course the administration has succeeded also in persuading the Senate to give an equivocal ratification to American participation in the World Court and an unequivocal endorsement of the debt settlements with Belgium and Italy. But there its achievements come to an end. Only one of the other possible subjects for legislation has as yet received serious consideration. The exception is, of course, the subject of agricultural relief. From the Republican point of view it is at once necessary to do something for the farmer, but impossible to do anything which is both satisfactory and safe. The Republican leaders are wholly divided about what ought to be done, and politically costly as it may be to do nothing, they may finally adjourn without being able to agree upon a remedy for the farmer's discontent. In any event they will enter the Congressional campaign next fall in an obviously weak position.

THE Republican party has always prided itself upon its ability to make up its mind and to act when action is necessary, but it is becoming increasingly clear that under Mr. Coolidge's leadership its power of passing legislation is and must be extremely limited. Most legislation is remedial in its purpose. It is intended to deal with some source of economic or political maladjustment. At present, however, the state of mind both of the party and of the country is such that it is practically impossible to concentrate public attention on remedies of any kind. In this respect the American people have returned to the psychology of the seventies and the nineties of the last century when the farmers and other interests also suffered from serious grievances, but when it was impossible to persuade the inhabitants of the prosperous states to consider seriously the complaints of the western agrarians. It took years of propaganda by Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson to arouse in the American people any will or power to seek a remedy for their ailments, and since the War they have returned to their previous complacency and lethargy. Obviously Mr. Coolidge is the last man to push them along. He will fail in the end because during his Presidential terms the American nation will accumulate a huge reservoir full of necessary legislative projects which will finally overflow the dam which he is so carefully guarding.

SIGNING the $19,000,000 Spanish war pension bill, President Coolidge reiterates his warning to Congress not to run the risk of a deficit by passing a lot of miscellaneous appropriation measures now before it. At about the same time it is announced that the federal tax collections for this quarter largely exceed those for the same quarter of 1925, and that a surplus for the fiscal year amounting to about $250,000,000 is estimated. Evidently Mr. Coolidge does not expect receipts to continue as large under the lower rates; he does not really believe lower taxes will bring greater prosperity. Of course it is sound to use a surplus as far as possible to retire the bonded indebtedness of the government. But that is no reason for denouncing all pending appropriation measures as raids on the sur-

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plus. Some of them at least were drawn and introduced before taxes were cut and without regard to the eventual state of the budget arising from tax reduction. They happen to have the bad luck to have been proposed for late consideration while other and perhaps less necessary appropriations were being made. It would be most unjust to refuse to increase the retirement allowances of federal employes, for instance, just because taxes may have been reduced too much and the retirement measure was postponed for the last days of Congress.

AS the franc continues to fall, the troubles of France abroad continue to consume military expenditures. At the moment a truce obtains in the Riff while Abd-el Krim decides whether he will accept the Franco-Spanish offer resulting from the recent peace conferences, but his refusal looks inevitable, and the proposal was apparently made to be refused. While using the word "autonomy," it defines autonomy to mean virtually complete subservience in political affairs to the Sultan of Morocco, whose powers in turn are to be exercised by the French and Spanish protectorates. The truce has been utilized by the French to make new disposals of troops and prepare for a campaign which it is fondly hoped will bring the Riffi to their knees before the tropical heat beginning the middle of June makes further warfare difficult. Meanwhile in Syria, the Druse, after a period of quiescence, are reported to have inflicted a heavy defeat on the French, recapturing their capital, taking tanks and other munitions and wounding a general. The League of Nations report on the extraordinary policies of the French in this mandated territory is mild white-wash with instructions not to do it again; it will be discussed at greater length in our pages at a future date.

AMONG the many things which Congress has failed to do in the present session, reapportionment of representatives to correspond with the Census of 1920 is noteworthy. This should have been done in 1923; a delay of one or two years might be overlooked, but a delay of more than three is deplorable. The Constitution, Article I, Section 2, Par. 3, reads: "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states . . . according to their respective numbers . . . The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years." This disregard of the Constitution on the part of Congress has already produced an overbalancing of country against city representation, and inequalities of other kinds. If carried far it will inevitably result in a rotten borough system such as now characterizes many of our state governments. Unfortunately reapportionment comes home so close to many Congressmen and raises so many troublesome questions of petty politics that they are likely to avoid it as long as they can. There is no governmental agency which can prevent Congress from disobeying a clear constitutional mandate of this sort—although the Supreme Court can invalidate an act of Congress even when it is unconstitutional only by tenuous interpretation of five out of nine Justices. Positive disobedience of the Constitution, rather than negative, can be reprimanded only by the voters. It is to be hoped that the matter will be brought to their attention at the coming elections.

THE crime wave in Chicago broke last week in a spray of machine-gun bullets which killed Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggin, and two companions, both of whom were connected with the flourishing bootlegging business in the suburb of Cicero. The motive for the crime is obscure. The prevailing theory is that the fusillade was aimed at the bootleggers and caught McSwiggin through the accident of his presence. But why this accident? Why was an assistant state's attorney taking a friendly ride in an automobile with two criminals? His colleague, George E. Gorman of the State's Attorney's office, explains that young McSwiggin "thought it as necessary to know the methods of gangsters as to know the rules of evidence—suggested that one of our staff be assigned to mingle with the gangsters—begged for the hazardous job." This explanation would also cover the presence of State's Attorney Crowe as guest of honor at a banquet given by the Genna gang two years ago. Against this theory of martyrdom must be placed the fact that Doherty was a boyhood pal of McSwiggin who recently prosecuted him for murder in a farcical trial which resulted in his acquittal, that Doherty and Duffy had emerged from retirement earlier in the season to work for Crowe's renomination at the primary, and helped to roll up a huge majority for him in Cicero, that Duffy had on his person a list of saloons and gambling places where tribute for protection was due. McSwiggin's death emphasizes the connection, long a matter of notoriety, between the agencies of justice in Cook County and the criminal world. The only question today is whether Crowe will be able again to "cover up." The coroner has impaneled an excellent jury, and the Union League Club is clamoring for special counsel to handle the case. Meanwhile the contemporary message of President Coolidge to the National Crime Commission, "to make more effective the efforts of the criminal authorities to enforce the law" is scarcely helpful. It is a generalization widely accepted in Cook County and elsewhere that the police enforce the law by breaking it, that practically the only evidence they gather is through confession extorted by torture on information received through partnership with criminals. The platitudes of good citizens, reiterating that "the criminal authorities" are trying to suppress crime, are the musical accompaniment to which is played the farce of law and order.

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The Proposed Bargain with France

THE terms on which the French government has consented to compromise its debt to the American government are as doubtful as they were predicted to be and more. Nominally the annuities which France pledges herself to pay amount to a larger sum than that which M. Caillaux offered, but actually they will amount to less. They increase slowly during the first five years from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000, which is less by a considerable margin than the sum which M. Caillaux offered to pay during that period. Then they increase rapidly. At the end of twelve years they will reach the huge total of $100,000,000, and from the seventeenth to the sixty-first year France is to pay annually to the United States $125,000,000. The agreement provides for the postponement of the promised payments if and when necessary, but not for their revision. It is perfectly obvious what this rising scale of instalments means. The French politicians have accepted the arrangement as a means of easing their difficulties during the next five years, but they know perfectly well that some time between the fifth and the tenth year their government will default. They are committing their country to the liability with every intention of defaulting as soon as it becomes inconvenient or impossible to continue the payments.

Somehow this unscrupulous and impracticable bargain should be defeated. The men who have conducted the negotiations have reached their agreement ostensibly for the purpose of "settling" a vexatious and dangerous controversy between France and the United States. The friends of France in this country favor it on the ground that it will improve the relations of the French with the American people and enable American capital to be exported to France in her hour of need. As a matter of fact, it will settle nothing. It merely provides for a short truce and for the subsequent revival of the controversy in a much more unmanageable and acrimonious form. The French have agreed to it under compulsion and without any pretense of good faith. They consider it oppressive and unjust. Congress will ratify the agreement under the impression that it is conceding the limit and that it is behaving very generously. Whenever the French default, both creditor and debtor are likely to behave in an ugly and quarrelsome spirit. Yet default France will, and the necessity of paying interest on the loans which she will negotiate in this country in the next few months will increase the probability, the extent and the celerity of this default. However unpopular Americans may be in France at this time, they will be far more unpopular as soon as force of circumstances unsettles the settlement. Inasmuch as both parties to the controversy will be more wrong than right, both are likely to behave badly.

The most desirable fate which could befall the settlement would be its rejection by the French Chamber. The French nation certainly ought to refuse to ratify a contract which either fatally mortgages its future economic welfare or else pledges it to sacrifices which it does not intend to make. A few politicians are subordinating the good faith and the prosperity of the French nation to the perpetuation of their own power and to their temporary escape from a grave and costly emergency. An American has no right to blame them for this behavior, but Frenchmen have the right and we trust that Frenchmen will exercise it. The contract has from the French point of view no advantages but one. It will enable them to borrow money and to postpone the payment of their present obligations for a few more years, but it will leave them with impossible sums to pay at the end of that time and with smaller resources out of which to make the payments.

We freely realize that if the French Chamber rejects the bargain, the French government will for the present be unable to negotiate a better substitute. The American Senate would not acquiesce in the granting of much more lenient terms. In the event, consequently, of a failure to ratify, all that can be done will be to postpone for some years any attempt to reach a settlement, France to pay in the meantime some comparatively small annuity. There are many objections to such a postponement, but it is less objectionable than any ostensibly permanent settlement which is now possible. Americans expect France to pay more than she can afford to pay. They will have to learn little by little what her real condition is and by what a huge margin her immediate liabilities exceed her immediate assets. The French creditors of the French government have already witnessed a diminution in the value of their property by a percentage much larger than that by which the proposed contract scales down the claim of the American government. At the end of a few years it will be manifest that France is actually able to pay only an insignificant part of both her foreign and domestic indebtedness.

The failure of American Congressmen and Senators to understand the seriousness of the problems of French national finance places the American government in a wholly untenable position, but there is some excuse for their lack of understanding. Since the end of the War, France has not behaved like a country which needed to husband her resources in order to pay her debts. She assumed as a result of the Treaty of Versailles enormous and very expensive political responsibilities in Europe, Asia and Africa. During the last five years she has looked to the uninformed American like a powerful and successful nation which disposed of all the money it needed to promote its aggressive political objects and which, consequently, might fairly be asked to pay a substantial part of its debt to this country. As a matter of fact, this demon-

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stration of power was largely a sham. It was rendered possible in part by the greater exhaustion of central Europe and Russia and in part by the connivance of Great Britain. The playing of this grandiose rôle tempted an exhausted France to dissipate economic resources which she should have devoted to the improvement of her domestic economy. It will be difficult to convince American politicians and business men that France is really too impoverished to pay her debts until the French government shows a more effective disposition to retrench on its expenditure for political aggrandizement, to balance its budget and to stabilize the franc. But whenever the general policy of France is that of a nation which is willing to sacrifice costly adventures in foreign politics for the sake of meeting its domestic obligations, it will not be difficult for a French government to negotiate a permanent and a really generous settlement of its debt to this country.

Christianity and Business

THAT Protestant puritanism provided the cultural soil in which capitalism has flourished is, of course, a comparatively familar idea. It has remained, however, for Mr. R. H. Tawney in a forthcoming book entitled Religion and the Rise of Capital to illuminate it with all the resources of exhaustive scholarship, of a sympathetic historical imagination and of insight into the struggles and stumbling blocks of personal religious aspiration. We particularly recommend to the attention of our readers some extracts from Mr. Tawney's essay, published in another column under the caption Puritanism and Capitalism. These extracts give only the outline of a part of Mr. Tawney's argument. They omit, unfortunately, his complete and lucid documentation of the gradual subordination of Christianity to business, but we trust that these extracts will be sufficient to introduce the book itself favorably to American readers. Almost every phase of this movement of ideas was reproduced in the new world, and the moral and social economy of the American nation is still troubled by their unreconciled conflicts.

Obviously the reigning President of the United States is a consummate, if somewhat desiccated, incarnation of the extremely practical brand of spirituality which the alliance between puritanism and capitalism encouraged and sheltered. "Puritanism," says Mr. Tawney, "in its later phases added a halo of ethical sanctification to the appeal of economic expediency and offered a moral creed in which the duties of religion and the calls of business ended their long estrangement in an unanticipated reconciliation." It insisted that money-making "could be and ought to be carried on for the greater glory of God." This, of course, is precisely the gospel as preached by Calvin Coolidge and, according to the testimony of the Rotarians, the Chambers of Commerce and the Bar Associations, it is successfully illustrated by American business practice and permanently legalized in the American Constitution. Since the seventeenth century the increase of prosperity and comfort has diluted, softened and in substance completely secularized both the doctrine and its human representatives. One would hesitate to describe the modern American business man in the terms used by Mr. Tawney to sketch his seventeenth century British forerunner—that is, as a "practical ascetic" who is "tempered by self-examination, self-discipline and self-control." Nevertheless the American capitalist more sincerely and more generally than any of his predecessors cherishes the illusion that in carrying on his business activities he is contributing to the greater glory of that remote spiritual and social symbol which he calls God.

On the other hand a numerous group in the Protestant churches of America is drifting away from the indifference to social as compared to individual welfare which finally became characteristic of puritanism. This group has revived the primitive puritan belief that a sincere Christian commonwealth would deduce authoritative rules of political and social conduct from the Gospel and put them into practice. Recently many of the denominations have framed social creeds which were intended to be the modern analogues of the ordered and disciplined commonwealth which Calvin sought to build out of the huge gray blocks of his interpretation of the Word of God. This revival is an admirable reassertion of an essential and neglected element in Christianity, but its protagonists have not as yet been successful in inventing methods of affirming its authority. In order to accomplish anything their tendency always is to fall back upon the state. Probably the most conspicuous achievement of this new American socially conscientious Christianity is the Prohibition law, and if this law and the spirit in which its supporters deal with the defects in its administration are a sample of what may fairly be expected from the assumption by professional Christians of social and political responsibilities, some of us would be willing to have them resume their former preoccupation with the welfare of their own souls. For the rest the churches have ceased to seek any effective method of realizing their social creeds. Week after week Calvin Coolidge preaches a gospel of Christian capitalism which identifies social welfare with individual fulfillment and business success. From the point of view of the American Calvin the social creeds of the churches are superfluous. Yet the new Calvinism is acceptable to the great majority of good American Christians as the very milk of the Word, and the friends of the social creeds have submitted without protest to the repudiation by the practical Christian statesmanship of Mr. Coolidge of the main articles in their body of Christian social truth.

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A perusal of Mr. Tawney's book will, we hope, persuade American Christians, who are not satisfied with the alliance between a desiccated puritanism and an aggressive capitalism, to reconsider the relation between the truths of their religion and secular conduct of all kinds. They will find in the book a reënforcement of their chief contention that, if Christian truth is what it pretends to be, the building of a Christian social order is an obligation which the sincere and intelligent cannot honestly evade. But they will also find the wrecks of previous Christian social orders strewn upon the sands of historical Christianity. If they are candid they will admit that, practical though a Christian social order may be and impracticable as may be any merely secular substitute for it, the present, like all past, generations of Christians are grievously wanting in both the power and the knowledge with which to build it. In the light of their own past failures and of their repudiation of the existing alliance between Christianity and business, it is their first duty as Christians with a social conscience to play the part of the man from Missouri. They need and want to know. Their Christianity is a sham unless they can discover a trustworthy way of vindicating the authority of religious humanism over social conduct without appealing to state coercion and over individual conduct without either bestowing their blessing on personal economic motives or invoking the penalties which underlie all forms of moral compulsion.

There is, so far as we can see, only one way in which they can hope to succeed in this voyage of discovery. They must try to press into the service of Christianity the experimental method—the method of exploring and testing experience in order to find out what one can and does know. Capitalism has proved to be the dominant partner of the alliance between itself and puritanism for one sufficient reason. It has reaped all the benefit from the increasing knowledge of the natural world and from the practice of seeking the extension of knowledge in the systematic scrutiny of experience. Puritanism will remain either the servile accomplice or the impotent enemy of business unless it can adapt experimentalism to its own purposes. It is clear from the past failures of the Christian Church that its ministers cannot beguile, bribe, terrify, order or exhort human beings into being individually and socially good. As Christians they are citizens in some spiritual whole or kingdom, and puritanism was, it seems, justified in seeking the location of this kingdom, not in the visible church or the visible state, but in the spirit. It was, however, never able to build a satisfactory bridge between the purified and redeemed spirit and the world of practical experience. The penalty of successfully delivering the subjective kingdom of God from worldly contingencies and partialities was unfortunately the deliverance of the worldly life from any distracting obligations to the Christian Kingdom. In the case of Protestant puritanism the penalty was costly because, unlike Catholic puritanism, it did not endorse any ascetic withdrawal from the world. It imposed upon individual Christians the duty of leading a good life in the society of their day. If it is to survive, it will, consequently, have to invent some new and more effective method of enabling Christian citizens of the world to assert the authority of the Christian Kingdom in their own conduct and in that of society.

Where the Public Succeeds

WITHIN a week two pieces of news appeared on the financial pages that should be of interest to those who are told so often by private interests in this country that public ownership of utilities leads inevitably to deficit and destruction. One was a quotation from the annual report of the Canadian National Railways showing that the net railway operating revenue for 1925 was $32,264,414.79, or over $15,000,000 larger than that for 1924. The other was a report for the first quarter of 1926 showing a net of $7,137,887 against $2,520,250 for the same quarter of 1925.

The story of the Canadian National bids fair to become one of the epics of railroad history. It arose out of hope and despair. In hope of profit railroad builders had flung their lines recklessly across Canada from Atlantic to Pacific and from Hudson Bay to Lake Michigan. In hope of developing the country Provincial and Dominion governments had advanced huge sums to them. One system alone—the Canadian Pacific—proved well conceived enough and favored enough and financially conservative enough to establish itself on a sound and profitable basis. Most of the others, including the Grand Trunk, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern systems, were overbuilt and overcapitalized. They got deeper and deeper into difficulties until during the War they were faced with bankruptcy. To save their investors scattered throughout the land, and to keep transportation going, the government was forced to take them over. Private enterprise gladly surrendered a losing proposition to the public. Thus in 1919 the Canadian National Railways started with over 20,000 miles of sprawling track, rundown equipment and a huge deficit.

The simplest and most striking part of its story, though perhaps not the most significant, is told in the figures of net railway operating revenue since the formation of the system:

Year	*Net R'y Operating Revenue*
1919	$14,223,712.85 (deficit)
1920	34,532,701.76 (deficit)
1921	11,543,577.69 (deficit)
1922	2,886,711.55
1923	20,430,649.08
1924	17,244,251.48
1925	32,264,414.79

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Since the principal of the road's debt started at the enormous figure of about $1,400,000,000, however, the burden on the government caused by fixed charges was not removed even by the appearance of a net operating revenue in place of an operating deficit. It has been pointed out that in 1919 the government had to advance $55,358,075 to make up the deficit and pay fixed charges, and that every year between then and 1925 advances of substantially the same amount have been granted. These advances have been superficially emphasized by private propaganda to expose once more the horrible example of government ownership. But for numerous reasons the example is not a good one. In the first place, the original debt arose before the government took the systems over. In the second place, much of the debt was held by the government itself, so that a large part of the advances was paid into its own treasury. In the third place, as the advances from the government piled up year after year, a larger amount of interest fell to it, so that the granting of the same total of advances each year yielded more and more to the treasury in interest. In 1924, for instance, of the government's advances amounting to $54,860,419, $31,271,043 came back to itself. And in the fourth place, the extension of this assistance enabled the road to round out its plant and modernize its equipment so that it was placed in a position both to give better service and to produce more returns. This policy is beginning to bear tangible fruit. In 1925 the net operating revenue equalled about 80 percent of the interest payable to the public on the funded debt, as against 45 percent in 1924. And of the $50,000,000 appropriated by the Dominion government for the railway during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926, only $10,000,000 had to be used. Of this, according to treasury authorities, only $7,000,000 was net loss. The time is not far distant when the system will not cost the government a cent.

The recovery in financial terms is no more striking than the recovery in terms of service, which cannot be assessed so easily in statistics. But the Canadian National is today, on the whole, a system comparable with any of the first-class systems in the United States, with few delays, and every sign of desire and capability to serve the traveling and shipping public.

To what is this almost unprecedented recovery attributable? Not, of course, solely to public as opposed to private ownership. The financial help which the public was able to extend was naturally greater than could have been obtained from private sources. But the system has been administered much as any private system could be. It has a board of directors—able men chosen by the government, one of whom is a trade-union representative. It has a president who is an unusually capable executive—Sir Henry Thornton. He knows the railroad business thoroughly, and what is more, he knows people and is unusually able to enlist the cooperation of all with whom he comes into contact. "Politics" has had no more to do with this road than with private systems in the United States, and political interference has been seriously threatened only by private interests who wanted to take the road out of public hands the moment it began to appear successful.

Like all railroads, the Canadian National has benefited by recent general prosperity. It has benefited and will continue to benefit by the growth of the territory through which it runs, with increasing density of traffic. What it demonstrates principally with regard to public ownership is that under a government good management is possible, and will produce as excellent results as elsewhere. For our part, we believe that good management under public ownership has perhaps produced better results on the Canadian National than it could have done under private. Sir Henry Thornton has accepted the principle of coöperation for better service by agreement with the shop unions, first installed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in this country. But such coöperation has a deeper meaning to the men when there can be no question in their minds that they really are serving the public first, last and all the time, that no private owner can profit from their work. The Canadian National is insured the genuine coöperation of labor as no privately owned system can be. Similarly the general public has been aroused to take a pride in their system, to regard it as a friend and servant rather than as an enemy. There is no such barrier of suspicion as ordinarily surrounds a profit-making enterprise. This friendly sentiment protects it against "politics." Further than this, all parties are assured that as the road's earnings improve, they will not be used to inflate profits and capital values. They must result either in better service or lower rates or larger returns to the treasury. The performance of the Canadian National represents a triumph for the people and government of Canada, for the employes of the system, and for Sir Henry Thornton, which is worth serious attention in a cynical world.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Puritanism and Capitalism*

"And the Lorde was with Joseph, and he was a luckie felowe."

—*Genesis xxxix. 2 (Tyndale's translation).*

BY the end of the sixteenth century the divorce between religious theory and economic realities had long been evident. But in the meantime, within the bosom of religious theory itself, a new system of ideas was being matured, which was destined to revolutionize all traditional values, and to turn over the whole field of social obligations a new and penetrating light. On a world heaving with expanding energies, and on a Church uncertain of itself, rose, after two generations of premonitory mutterings, the tremendous storm of the Puritan movement. The forest bent; the oaks snapped; the dry leaves were driven before a gale, neither all of winter nor all of spring, but violent and life-giving, pitiless and tender, sounding strange notes of yearning and contrition, as of voices wrung from a people dwelling in Meshec, which signifies Prolonging, in Kedar, which signifies Blackness; while amid the blare of trumpets, and the clash of arms, and the rending of the carved work of the Temple, humble to God and haughty to man, the soldier-saints swept over battlefield and scaffold their garments rolled in blood.

In the great silence which fell when the Titans had turned to dust, in the Augustan calm of the eighteenth century, a voice was heard to observe that religious liberty was a considerable advantage, regarded "merely in a commercial view." A new world, it was evident, had arisen. And this new world, born of the vision of the mystic, the passion of the prophet, the sweat and agony of heroes famous and unknown, as well as of mundane ambitions and commonplace cupidities, was one in which, since "Thorough" was no more, since property was secure, and contracts inviolable, and the executive tamed, the judicious investments of business men were likely to yield a profitable return. So the epitaph, which crowns the life of what is called success, mocks the dreams in which youth hungered, not for success, but for the glorious failure of the martyr or the saint.

I. Puritanism and Society

The principal streams which descended in England from the teaching of Calvin were three—Presbyterianism, Congregationalism and a doctrine of the nature of God and man, which, if common to both, was more widely diffused, more pervasive and more potent than either. Of these three off-shoots from the parent stem, the first and eldest, which had made some stir under Elizabeth, and which it was hoped, with judicious watering from the Scotch, might grow into a state Church, was to produce a credal statement carved in bronze, but was to strike, at least in its original guise, but slender roots. The second, with its insistence on the right of every Church to organize itself, and on the freedom of all Churches from the interference of the state, was to leave, alike in the Old World and in the New, an imperishable legacy of civil and religious liberty. The third was Puritanism. Straitened to no single sect, and represented in the Anglican Church hardly, if at all, less fully than in those which afterward separated from it, it determined, not only conceptions of theology and church government, but political aspirations, business relations, family life and the minutiæ of personal behavior.

The growth, triumph and transformation of the Puritan spirit was the most fundamental movement of the seventeenth century. Puritanism, not the Tudor secession from Rome, was the true English Reformation, and it is from its struggle against the old order that an England which is unmistakably modern emerges. But, immense as were its accomplishments on the high stage of public affairs, its achievements in that inner world, of which politics are but the squalid scaffolding, were mightier still. Like an iceberg, which can awe the traveler by its towering majesty only because sustained by a vaster mass which escapes his eye, the revolution which Puritanism wrought in Church and state was less than that which it worked in men's souls, and the watchwords which it thundered, and amid the hum of Parliaments and the roar of battles, had been learned in the lonely nights, when Jacob wrestled with the angel of the Lord to wring a blessing before he fled.

> We do it wrong, being so majestical
> To offer it the show of violence.

In the mysticism of Bunyan and Fox, in the brooding melancholy and glowing energy of Cromwell, in the victorious tranquillity of Milton, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," amid a world of self-seekers and apostates, there are depths of light and darkness which posterity can observe with reverence or with horror, but which its small fathom-line cannot plumb.

There are types of character which are like a prism, whose various and brilliant colors are but broken reflections of a single ray of concentrated light. If the inward and spiritual grace of Puritanism eludes the historian, its outward and visible signs meet him at every turn, and not less in

* Copyright, 1926, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. This article is made up of extracts from a book entitled Religion and the Rise of Capital, which will be published this May by Harcourt, Brace and Company. The concluding chapter of the book will appear in the issue following.

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market-place and counting-house and camp, than in the student's chamber and the gathering of the elect for prayer. For to the Puritan, a contemner of the vain shows of sacramentalism, mundane toil becomes itself a kind of sacrament. Like a man who strives by unresting activity to exorcise a haunting demon, the Puritan, in the effort to save his own soul, sets in motion every force in heaven above or in the earth beneath. By the mere energy of his expanding spirit, he remakes, not only his own character and habits and way of life, but family and church, industry and city, political institutions and social order. Conscious that he is but a stranger and pilgrim, hurrying from his transitory life to a life to come, he turns with almost physical horror from the vanities which lull into an awful indifference souls dwelling on the borders of eternity, to pore with anguish of spirit on the grand facts, God, the soul, salvation and damnation. "It made the world seem to me," said a Puritan of his conversion, "as a carkass that had neither life nor loveliness. And it destroyed those ambitious desires after literate fame, which was the sin of my childhood. . . . It set me upon that method of my studies which since then I have found the benefit of. . . . It caused me first to seek God's Kingdom and his Righteousness, and most to mind the One thing needful, and to determine first of my Ultimate End."

Overwhelmed by a sense of his "Ultimate End," the Puritan cannot rest, nevertheless, in reflecting upon it. The contemplation of God, which the greatest of the Schoolmen described as the supreme blessedness, is a blessedness too great for sinners who must not only contemplate God, but glorify Him by their work in a world given over to the powers of darkness. "The way to the Celestial City lies just through this town, where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world." For that awful journey, girt with precipices and beset with fiends, he sheds every encumbrance, and arms himself with every weapon. Amusements, books, even intercourse with friends, must, if need be, be cast aside; for it is better to enter into eternal life halt and maimed, than having two eyes to be cast into eternal fire. He scours the country, like Baxter and Fox, to find one who may speak the word of life to his soul. He seeks from his ministers, not absolution, but instruction, exhortation and warning. Prophesyings—that most revealing episode in early Puritanism—were the cry of a famished generation for enlightenment, for education, for a religion of the intellect; and it was because "much preaching breeds faction, but much praying causes devotion" that the powers of this world raised their parchment shutters to stem the gale that blew from the Puritan pulpit. He disciplines, rationalizes, systematizes his life; "method" was a Puritan catchword a century before the world had heard of Methodists. He makes his very business a travail of the spirit, for that too is the Lord's vineyard, in which he is called to labor.

Feeling in him that which "maketh him more fearful of displeasing God than all the world," he is a natural republican, for there is none on earth that he can own as master. If powers and principalities will hear and obey, well; if not, they must be ground into dust, that on their ruins the elect may build the Kingdom of Christ. And, in the end, all these—prayer, and toil, and discipline, mastery of self and mastery of others, wounds and death—may be too little for the salvation of a single soul. "Then I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction"—those dreadful words haunt him as he nears his end. Sometimes they break his heart. More often, for grace abounds even to the chief of sinners, they nerve his will. For it is will—will organized and disciplined and inspired, will quiescent in rapt adoration or straining in violent energy, but always will—which is the essence of Puritanism, and for the intensification and organization of will every instrument in that tremendous arsenal of religious fervor is mobilized. The Puritan is like a steel spring compressed by an inner force, which shatters every obstacle by its rebound. Sometimes the strain is too tense, and when its imprisoned energy is released, it shatters itself.

The spirit bloweth where it listeth, and men of every social grade had felt their hearts lifted by its breath, from aristocrats and country gentlemen to weavers who, "as they stand in their loom, can set a book before them or edifie one another." But, if religious zeal and moral enthusiasm are not straitened by the vulgar categories of class and income, experience proves, nevertheless, that there are certain kinds of environment in which they burn more bravely than in others, and that, as man is both spirit and body, so different types of religious experience correspond to the varying needs of different social and economic milieux. To contemporaries the chosen seat of the Puritan spirit seemed to be those classes in society which combined economic independence, education and a certain decent pride in their status, revealed at once in a determination to live their own lives, without truckling to earthly superiors, and in a somewhat arrogant contempt for those who, either through weakness of character or through economic helplessness, were less resolute, less vigorous and masterful, than themselves. Such, where the feudal spirit had been weakened by contact with town life and new intellectual currents, were some of the gentry. Such, conspicuously, were the yeomen, "mounted on a high spirit, as being slaves to none," especially in the freeholding counties of the east. Such, above all, were the trading classes of the towns, and of those rural districts which had been partially industrialized by the decentralization of the textile and iron industries. * * * * * *

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II. A Godly Discipline Versus the Religion of Trade

Puritanism was the schoolmaster of the English middle classes. It heightened their virtues, sanctified, without eradicating, their convenient vices, and gave them an inexpugnable assurance that, behind virtues and vices alike, stood the majestic and inexorable laws of an omnipotent Providence, without whose foreknowledge not a hammer could beat upon the forge, not a figure could be added to the ledger. But it is a strange school which does not teach more than one lesson, and the social reactions of Puritanism, trenchant, permanent and profound, are not to be summarized in the simple formula that it fostered individualism. Weber, in a celebrated essay, expounded the thesis that Calvinism, in its English version, was the parent of capitalism, and Troeltsch, Schulze-Gaevernitz and Cunningham have lent to the same interpretation the weight of their considerable authority. But the heart of man holds mysteries of contradiction which live in vigorous incompatibility together. When the shriveled tissues lie in our hand, the spiritual bond still eludes us.

In every human soul there is a socialist and an individualist, an authoritarian and a fanatic for liberty, as in each there is a Catholic and a Protestant. The same is true of the mass movements in which men marshal themselves for common action. There was in Puritanism an element which was conservative and traditionalist, and an element which was revolutionary; a collectivism which grasped at an iron discipline, and an individualism which spurned the savorless mess of human ordinances; a sober prudence which would garner the fruits of this world, and a divine recklessness which would make all things new. For long nourished together, their discords concealed, in the furnace of the Civil War they fell apart, and Presbyterian and Independent, aristocrat and Leveler, politician and merchant and Utopian, gazed with bewildered eyes on the strange monsters with whom they had walked as friends. Then the splendors and illusions vanished; the force of common things prevailed; the metal cooled in the mold; and the Puritan spirit, shorn of its splendors and its illusions, settled finally into its decent bed of equable respectability. But each element in its social philosophy had once been as vital as the other, and the battle was fought, not between a Puritanism solid for one view and a state committed to another, but between rival tendencies in the soul of Puritanism itself. The problem is to grasp their connection, and to understand the reasons which caused this to wax and that to wane.

"The triumph of Puritanism," it has been said, "swept away all traces of any restriction or guidance in the employment of money." That it swept away the restrictions imposed by the existing machinery is true; neither ecclesiastical courts, nor High Commission, nor Star Chamber, could function after 1640. But, if it broke the discipline of the Church of Laud and the State of Strafford, it did so but as a step toward erecting a more rigorous discipline of its own. It would have been scandalized by economic individualism, as much as by religious tolerance, and the broad outlines of its scheme of organization favored unrestricted liberty in matters of business as little as in the things of the spirit. To the Puritan of any period in the century between the accession of Elizabeth and the Civil War, the suggestion that he was the friend of economic or social license would have seemed as wildly inappropriate as it would have appeared to most of his critics, who taunted him, except in the single matter of usury, with an intolerable meticulousness. A godly discipline was, indeed, the very ark of the Puritan covenant.

* * * * * *

"Discipline" included all questions of moral conduct, and of these, in an age when a great mass of economic relations were not the almost automatic reactions of an impersonal mechanism, but a matter of human kindliness or meanness between neighbors in village or borough, economic conduct was naturally a part. Calvin and Beza, perpetuating with a new intensity the mediæval idea of a Church-civilization, had sought to make Geneva a pattern, not only of doctrinal purity, but of social righteousness and commercial morality. Those who had drunk from their spring continued, in even less promising environments, the same tradition. Bucer, who wrote when something more fundamental than a politician's reformation seemed possible to enthusiasts with their eyes on Geneva, had urged the reconstruction of every side of the economic life of a society which was to be Church and state in one. English Puritanism, while accepting after some hesitation Calvin's much qualified condonation of moderate interest, did not intend in other respects to countenance a laxity welcome only to worldlings. Knewstub appealed to the teaching of "that worthy instrument of God, Mr. Calvin," to prove that the habitual usurer ought to be "thrust out of the society of men." Smith embroidered the same theme. Baro, whose Puritanism lost him his professorship, denounced the "usual practice amongst rich men, and some of the greater sort, who by lending, or by giving out their money to usury, are wont to snare and oppress the poor and needier sort." Cartwright, the most famous leader of Elizabethan Puritanism, described usury as "a hainous offence against God and his Church," and laid down that the offender should be excluded from the sacraments until he satisfied the congregation of his penitence. The ideal of all was that expressed in the apostolic injunction to be content with a modest competence and to shun the allurements of riches. "Every Christian man is bound in conscience before God," wrote Stubbes, "to provide for his household and family, but yet so as his immoderate care sur-

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passe not the bands, nor yet transcend the limits, of true Godlynes. . . . So Farre from covetousnes and from immoderate care would the Lord have us, that we ought not this day to care for tomorrow, for (saith he) sufficient to the day is the travail of the same."

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The emergence of the idea that "business is business," and that the world of commercial transactions is a closed compartment with laws of its own, if more ancient than is often supposed, did not win so painless a triumph as is sometimes suggested. Puritan as well as Catholic accepted without demur the view which set all human interests and activities within the compass of religion. Puritans, as well as Catholics, essayed the formidable task of formulating a Christian casuistry of economic conduct.

They essayed it. But they succeeded even less than the Popes and Doctors whose teaching, not always unwittingly, they repeated. And their failure had its roots, not merely in the obstacles offered by the ever recalcitrant opposition of a commercial environment, but, like all failures which are significant, in the soul of Puritanism itself. Virtues are often conquered by vices, but their rout is most complete when it is inflicted by other virtues, more militant, more efficient, or more congenial, and it is not only tares which choke the ground where the good seed is sown. The fundamental question, after all, is not what kind of rules a faith enjoins, but what type of character it esteems and cultivates. To the scheme of Christian ethics which offered admonitions against the numberless disguises assumed by the sin which sticketh fast between buying and selling, the Puritan character offered, not direct opposition, but a polished surface on which these ghostly admonitions could find no enduring foothold. The rules of Christian morality elaborated by Baxter were subtle and sincere. But they were like seeds carried by birds from a distant and fertile plain, and dropped upon a glacier. They were at once embalmed and sterilized in a river of ice.

"The capitalist spirit" is as old as history, and was not, as has sometimes been said, the offspring of Puritanism. But it found in certain aspects of later Puritanism a tonic which braced its energies and fortified its already vigorous temper. At first sight, no contrast could be more violent than that between the iron collectivism, the almost military discipline, the remorseless and violent rigors practiced in Calvin's Geneva, and preached elsewhere, if in a milder form by his disciples, and the impatient rejection of all traditional restrictions on economic enterprise which was the temper of the English business world after the Civil War. In reality, the same ingredients were present throughout, but they were mixed in changing proportions, and exposed to different temperatures at different times. Like traits of individual character which are suppressed till the approach of maturity releases them, the tendencies in Puritanism, which were to make it later a potent ally of the movement against the control of economic relations in the name either of social morality or of the public interest, did not reveal themselves till political and economic changes had prepared a congenial environment for their growth. Nor, once those conditions were created, was it only England which witnessed the transformation. In all countries alike, in Holland, in America, in Scotland, in Geneva itself, the social theory of Calvinism went through the same process of development. It had begun by being the very soul of authoritarian regimentation. It ended by being the vehicle of an almost utilitarian individualism. While social reformers in the sixteenth century could praise Calvin for his economic rigor, their successors in Restoration England, if of one persuasion, denounced him as the parent of economic license, if of another, applauded Calvinist communities for their commercial enterprise and for their freedom from antiquated prejudices on the subject of economic morality. So little do those who shoot the arrows of the spirit know where they will light.

III. The Triumph of the Economic Virtues

"One beam in a dark place," wrote one who knew the travail of the spirit, "hath exceeding much refreshment in it. Blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine." While the revelation of God to the individual soul is the centre of all religion, the essence of Puritan theology was that it made it, not only the centre, but the whole circumference and substance, dismissing as dross and vanity all else but this secret and solitary communion. Grace alone can save, and this grace is the direct gift of God, unmediated by any earthly institution. The elect cannot by any act of their own evoke it; but they can prepare their hearts to receive it, and cherish it when received. They will prepare them best, if they empty them of all that may disturb the intentness of their lonely vigil. Like an engineer, who, to canalize the rush of the oncoming tide, dams all channels save that through which it is to pour, like a painter who makes light visible by plunging all that is not light in gloom, the Puritan attunes his heart to the voice from Heaven by an immense effort of concentration and abnegation. To win all, he renounces all. When earthly props have been cast down, the soul stands erect in the presence of God. Infinity is attained by a process of subtraction.

To a vision thus absorbed in a single intense experience, not only religious and ecclesiastical systems, but the entire world of human relations, the whole fabric of social institutions, witnessing in all the wealth of their idealism and their greed to the infinite creativeness of man, reveal themselves in a new and wintry light. The fire of the spirit burns brightly on the hearth; but through the windows of his soul the Puritan, unless a poet or a saint, looks

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on a landscape touched by no breath of spring. What he sees is a forbidding and frost-bound wilderness, rolling its snow-clad leagues toward the grave—a wilderness to be subdued with aching limbs beneath solitary stars. Through it he must take his way, alone. No aid can avail him; no preacher, for only the elect can apprehend with the spirit the word of God; no Church, for to the visible Church even reprobates belong; no sacrament, for sacraments are ordained to increase the glory of God, not to minister spiritual nourishment to man; hardly God himself, for Christ died for the elect, and it may well be that the majesty of the Creator is revealed by the eternal damnation of all but a remnant of the created.

His life is that of a soldier in hostile territory. He suffers in spirit the perils which the first settlers in America endured in body, the sea behind, the untamed desert in front, a cloud of inhuman enemies on either hand. Where Catholic and Anglican had caught a glimpse of the invisible, hovering like a consecration over the gross world of sense, and touching its muddy vesture with the unearthly gleam of a divine, yet familiar, beauty, the Puritan mourned for a lost Paradise and a creation sunk in sin. Where they had seen society as a mystical body, compact of members varying in order and degree, but dignified by participation in the common life of Christendom, he saw a bleak antithesis between the spirit which quickeneth and an alien, indifferent or hostile world. Where they had reverenced the decent order whereby past was knit to present, and man to man, and man to God, through fellowship in works of charity, in festival and fast, in the prayers and ceremonies of the Church, he turned with horror from the filthy rags of human righteousness. Where they, in short, had found comfort in a sacrament, he started back from a snare set to entrap his soul.

> We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live.

Too often, contemning the external order as unspiritual, he made it, and ultimately himself, less spiritual by reason of his contempt.

Those who seek God in isolation from their fellowmen, unless trebly armed for the perils of the quest, are apt to find, not God, but a devil, whose countenance bears an embarrassing resemblance to their own. The moral self-sufficiency of the Puritan nerved his will, but it corroded his sense of social solidarity. For, if each individual's destiny hangs on a private transaction between himself and his Maker, what room is left for human intervention? A servant of Jehovah more than of Christ, he revered God as a Judge rather than loved him as a Father, and was moved less by compassion for his erring brethren, than by impatient indignation at the blindness of vessels of wrath who "sinned their mercies." A spiritual aristocrat, who sacrificed fraternity to liberty, he drew from his idealization of personal responsibility a theory of individual rights, which, secularized and generalized, was to be among the most potent explosives that the world has known. He drew from it also a scale of ethical values, in which the traditional scheme of Christian virtues was almost exactly reversed, and which, since he was above all things practical, he carried as a dynamic into the routine of business and political life.

For, since conduct and action, though availing nothing to attain the free gift of salvation, are a proof that the gift has been accorded, what is rejected as a means is resumed as a consequence, and the Puritan flings himself into practical activities with the demonic energy of one who, all doubts allayed, is conscious that he is a sealed and chosen vessel. Once engaged in affairs, he brings to them both the qualities and limitations of his creed, in all their remorseless logic. Called by God to labor in his vineyard, he has within himself a principle at once of energy and of order, which makes him irresistible both in war and in the struggles of commerce. Convinced that character is all and circumstances nothing, he sees in the poverty of those who fall by the way, not a misfortune to be pitied and relieved, but a moral failing to be condemned, and in riches, not an object of suspicion—though like other gifts they may be abused—but the blessing which rewards the triumph of energy and will. Tempered by self-examination, self-discipline, self-control, he is the practical ascetic, whose victories are won not in the cloister, but on the battlefield, in the counting-house, and in the market.

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From the very beginning, Calvinism had comprised two elements, which Calvin himself had fused, but which contained the seeds of future discord. It had at once given a wholehearted imprimatur to the life of business enterprise, which most earlier moralists had regarded with suspicion, and had laid upon it the restraining hand of an inquisitorial discipline. At Geneva, where Calvinism was the creed of a small and homogeneous city, the second aspect had predominated; in the many-sided life of England, where there were numerous conflicting interests to balance it, and where it was long politically weak, the first. Then, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, had come the wave of commercial and financial expansion—companies, colonies, capitalism in textiles, capitalism in mining, capitalism in finance—on the crest of which the English commercial classes, in Calvin's day, still held in leading-strings by conservative statesmen, had climbed to a position of dignity and affluence.

Naturally, as the Puritan movement came to its own, these two elements flew apart. The collectivist, half-communistic aspect, which had never been acclimatized in England, quietly dropped out of notice, to crop up once more, and for the last time,

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to the disgust and terror of merchant and landowner, in the popular agitation under the Commonwealth. The individualism congenial to the world of business became the distinctive characteristic of a Puritanism which had arrived, and which, in becoming a political force, was at once secularized and committed to a career of compromise. Its note was not the attempt to establish on earth a "Kingdom of Christ," but an ideal of personal character and conduct, to be realized by the punctual discharge both of public and private duties. Its theory had been discipline; its practical result was liberty.

What in Calvin had been a qualified concession to practical exigencies, appeared in some of his later followers as a frank idealization of the life of the trader, as the service of God and the training-ground of the soul. Discarding the suspicion of economic motives, which had been as characteristic of the reformers as of mediæval theologians, Puritanism in its later phases added a halo of ethical sanctification to the appeal of economic expediency, and offered a moral creed, in which the duties of religion and the calls of business ended their long estrangement in an unanticipated reconciliation. Its spokesmen pointed out, it is true, the peril to the soul involved in a single-minded concentration on economic interests. The enemy, however, was not riches, but the bad habits sometimes associated with them, and its warnings against an excessive preoccupation with the pursuit of gain wore more and more the air of after-thoughts, appended to teaching the main tendency and emphasis of which were little affected by these incidental qualifications. It insisted, in short, that money-making, if not free from spiritual dangers, was not a danger and nothing else, but that it could be, and ought to be carried on for the greater glory of God.

The practical application of these generalities to business is set out in the numerous works composed to expound the rules of Christian conduct in the varied relations of life. A characteristic specimen is The Tradesman's Calling, by Richard Steele. His main thesis is a comfortable one—that there is no necessary conflict between religion and business. "Prudence and Piety were always very good friends. . . . You may gain enough of both worlds if you would mind each in its place." His object is to show how that agreeable result may be produced, by dedicating business—with due reservations—to the service of God, and he has naturally little to say on the moral casuistry of economic conduct, because he is permeated by the idea that trade itself is a kind of religion. A tradesman's first duty is to get a full insight into his calling, and to use his brains to improve it. "He that hath lent you talents hath also said, 'Occupy till I come!' Your strength is a talent, your parts are talents, and so is your time. How is it that ye stand all the day idle? . . . Your trade is your proper province. Your own vineyard you should keep. . . . Your fancies, your understandings, your memories . . . are all to be laid out therein." So far from there being an inevitable collision between the requirements of business and the claims of religion, they walk hand in hand. By a fortunate dispensation, the virtues enjoined on Christians—diligence, moderation, sobriety, thrift—are the very qualities most conducive to commercial success. The foundation of all is prudence; and prudence is merely another name for the "godly wisdom [which] comes in and puts due bounds" to his expenses, "and teaches the tradesman to live rather somewhat below than at all above his income." Industry comes next, and industry is at once expedient and meritorious. It will keep the tradesman from "frequent and needless frequenting of taverns," and pin him to his shop, "where you may most confidently expect the presence and blessing of God."

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The springs of economic conduct lie in regions rarely penetrated by moralists, and to suggest a direct reaction of theory on practice would be paradoxical. But, if the circumstances which determine that certain kinds of conduct shall be profitable are economic, those which decide that they shall be the object of general approval are primarily moral and intellectual. For conventions to be adopted with wholehearted enthusiasm, to be not merely tolerated, but applauded, to become the habit of a nation and the admiration of its philosophers, the second condition must be present as well as the first. The insistence among men of pecuniary motives, the strength of economic egotism, the appetite for gain—these are the commonplaces of every age and need no emphasis. What is significant is the change of standards which converted a natural frailty into a resounding virtue. After all, it appears, a man can serve two masters, for—so happily is the world disposed—he may be paid by one, while he works for the other. Between the old-fashioned denunciation of uncharitable covetousness and the new-fashioned applause of economic enterprise, a bridge is thrown by the argument which urges that enterprise itself is the discharge of a duty imposed by God.

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The idea of economic progress as an end to be consciously sought, while ever receding, had been unfamiliar to most earlier generations of Englishmen, in which the theme of moralists had been the danger of unbridled cupidity, and the main aim of public policy had been the stability of traditional relationships. It found a new sanction in the identification of labor and enterprise with the service of God. The magnificent energy which changed in a century the face of material civilization was to draw nourishment from that temper. The worship of production and ever greater production—the slavish drudgery of the millionaire and his unhappy servants—was to be hallowed by the precepts of the same compelling creed. * * * *

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The loftiest teaching cannot escape from its own shadow. To urge that the Christian life must be lived in a zealous discharge of private duties—how necessary! Yet how readily perverted to the suggestion that there are no vital social obligations beyond and above them! To insist that the individual is responsible, that no man can save his brother, that the essence of religion is the contact of the soul with its Maker, how true and indispensable! But how easy to slip from that truth into the suggestion that society is without responsibility, that no man can help his brother, that the social order and its consequences are not even the scaffolding by which men may climb to greater heights, but something external, alien and irrelevant—something, at best, indifferent to the life of the spirit, and, at worst, the sphere of the letter which killeth and of the reliance on works which ensnares the soul into the slumber of death! In emphasizing that God's Kingdom is not of this world, Puritanism did not always escape the suggestion that this world is no part of God's Kingdom. The complacent victim of that false antithesis between the social mechanism and the life of the spirit, which was to tyrannize over English religious thought for the next two centuries, it enthroned religion in the privacy of the individual soul, not without some sighs of sober satisfaction at its abdication from society. Professor Dicey has commented on the manner in which "the appeal of the Evangelicals to personal religion corresponds with the appeal of Benthamite Liberals to individual energy." The same affinity between religious and social interests found an even clearer expression in the Puritan movement of the seventeenth century. Individuals in religion led insensibily, if not quite logically, to an individualist morality, and an individualist morality to a disparagement of the significance of the social fabric as compared with personal character.

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Few tricks of the unsophisticated intellect are more curious than the naïve psychology of the business man, who ascribes his achievements to his own unaided efforts, in bland unconsciousness of a social order without whose continuous support and vigilant protection he would be as a lamb bleating in the desert. That individualist complex owes part of its self-assurance to the suggestion of Puritan moralists, that practical success is at once the sign and the reward of ethical superiority. "No question," argued a Puritan pamphleteer, "but it [riches] should be the portion rather of the godly than of the wicked, were it good for them; for godliness hath the promises of this life as well as of the life to come." The demonstration that distress is a proof of demerit, though a singular commentary on the lives of Christian saints and sages, has always been popular with the prosperous. By the lusty plutocracy of the Restoration, roaring after its meat, and not indisposed, if it could not find it elsewhere, to seek it from God, it was welcomed with a shout of applause.

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As the history of the Poor Law in the nineteenth century was to prove, there is no touchstone, except the treatment of childhood, which reveals the true character of a social philosophy more clearly than the spirit in which it regards the misfortunes of those of its members who fall by the way. Such utterances on the subject of poverty were merely one example of a general attitude, which appeared at times to consign to collective perdition almost the whole of the wage-earning population. It was partly that, in an age which worshiped property as the foundation of the social order, the mere laborer seemed something less than a full citizen. It was partly the result of the greatly increased influence on thought and public affairs acquired at the Restoration by the commercial classes, whose temper was a ruthless materialism, determined at all costs to conquer world-markets from France and Holland, and prepared to sacrifice every other consideration to their economic ambitions. It was partly that, in spite of a century of large-scale production in textiles, the problems of capitalist industry and of a propertyless proletariat were still too novel for their essential features to be appreciated. Even those writers, like Baxter and Bunyan, who continued to insist on the wickedness of extortionate prices and unconscionable interest, rarely thought of applying their principles to the subject of wages. Their social theory had been designed for an age of petty agriculture and industry, in which personal relations had not yet been superseded by the cash nexus, and the craftsman or peasant farmer was but little removed in economic status from the half-dozen journeymen or laborers whom he employed. In a world increasingly dominated by great clothiers, iron-masters and mine-owners, they still adhered to the antiquated categories of master and servant, with the same obstinate indifference to economic realities, as leads the twentieth century to talk of employers and employed, long after the individual employer has been converted into an impersonal corporation.

In a famous passage of the Communist Manifesto, Marx observes that "the bourgeoisie, wherever it got the upper hand, put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations, pitilessly tore asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his 'natural superiors,' and left remaining no other bond between man and man than naked self-interest and callous cash payment." An interesting illustration of his thesis might be found in the discussions of the economics of employment by English writers of the period between 1660 and 1760. Their characteristic was an attitude toward the new industrial proletariat noticeably harsher than that general in the first half of the seventeenth century, and which has no modern parallel except in the behavior of the less reputable of white colonists toward colored

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labor. The denunciations of the "luxury, pride and sloth" of the English wage-earners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are, indeed, almost exactly identical with those directed against African natives today. It is complained that, compared with the Dutch, they are self-indulgent and idle; that they want no more than a bare subsistence, and will cease work the moment they obtain it; that, the higher their wages, the more—"so licentious are they"—they spend upon drink; that high prices, therefore, are not a misfortune, but a blessing, since they compel the wage-earner to be more industrious; and that high wages are not a blessing, but a misfortune, since they merely conduce to "weekly debauches."

* * * * * *

It would be misleading to dwell on the limitations of Puritan ethics, without emphasizing the enormous contribution of Puritanism to political freedom and social progress. The foundation of democracy is the sense of spiritual independence, which nerves the individual to stand alone against the powers of this world, and in England, where squire and parson, lifting arrogant eyebrows at the insolence of the lower orders, combined to crush popular agitation, as a menace at once to society and to the Church, it is probable that democracy owes more to Nonconformity than to any other single movement. The virtues of enterprise, diligence and thrift are the indispensable foundation of any complex and vigorous civilization. It was Puritanism which, by investing them with a supernatural sanction, turned them from an unsocial eccentricity into a habit and a religion. Nor would it be difficult to find notable representatives of the Puritan spirit, in whom the personal austerity, which was the noblest aspect of the new ideal, was combined with a profound consciousness of social solidarity, which was the noblest aspect of that which it displaced. Firmin the philanthropist, and Bellers the Quaker, whom Owen more than a century later hailed as the father of his doctrines, were pioneers of Poor Law reform. The Society of Friends, in an age when the divorce between religion and social ethics was almost complete, met the prevalent doctrine that it was permissible to take such gain as the market offered, by insisting on the obligation of good conscience and forbearance in economic transactions, and on the duty to make the honorable maintenance of the brother in distress a common charge.

The general climate and character of a country are not altered, however, by the fact that here and there it has peaks which rise into an ampler air. The distinctive note of Puritan teaching was different. It was individual responsibility, not social obligation. Training its pupils to the mastery of others through the mastery of self, it prized as a crown of glory the qualities which arm the spiritual athlete for his solitary contest with a hostile world, and dismissed concern with the social order as the prop of weaklings and the Capua of the soul. Both the excellences and the defects of that attitude were momentous for the future. It is sometimes suggested that the astonishing outburst of industrial activity, which took place after 1760, created a new type of economic character, as well as a new system of economic organization. In reality, the ideal which was later to carry all before it, in the person of the inventor and engineer and captain of industry, was well established among Englishmen before the end of the seventeenth century. Among the numerous forces which had gone to form it, some not inconsiderable part may reasonably be ascribed to the emphasis on the life of business enterprise as the appropriate field for Christian endeavor, and on the qualities needed for success in it, which was characteristic of Puritanism. These qualities, and the admiration of them, remained, when the religious reference, and the restraints which it imposed, had weakened or disappeared.

R. H. Tawney.

Ten-Year-Old

Notes for the Biography of a Modern Boy

KEITH is ten. That is an age which seems to his parents on the whole acceptable and Keith is on the whole an acceptable specimen of it. He is a normal healthy boy; he is a little heavier and taller than the average, and it is characteristic of his parents that they know, past the decimal point, what the average is. Vigorously full of those coiled springs of automatic energy with which healthy childhood is invariably endowed, he is a good-looking lad, with his dull-black hair, red cheeks, and candid, direct blue eyes. Like many members of his generation, he has a sense of humor, meets people readily, without looking at the floor, and is on the whole a sunny little citizen. So much any stranger may observe about him almost at a glance, and many strangers do.

His parents are reconciled to his being ten years old, but find it quite impossible to think forward to a time six years away when he will be eligible for membership in this Wild Youth one hears so much about. But then, six years ago it was just as impossible for them to picture the baby, with his Dutch cut and little colored linen Oliver Twist suits, ever becoming the big, tweed-clad hobbledehoy now on their hands. Whatever is, seems perennial to parents. Six years hence sixteen will be the norm.

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I

Keith's family lives in a large American city, in one apartment after another, with occasional short intervals in a hotel. Like all apartment dwellers his parents are restless. They move every two years or so, although one apartment is very like its fellows at the same rent and Keith's parents would themselves admit that their changes have no justification except, as they say, "to break the monotony." Keith can already remember several of these apartment homes, the recollection getting dimmer as he goes back toward babyhood. He lacks the material aids to memory possessed by the boy whose parents live in, perhaps even own, a house all to themselves. Keith's parents, like all of their kind, live without an attic or any other storage space, and as fast as furniture, clothing or anything else is discarded it is sold or given away. Every move means the purchase of a certain amount of new equipment, furniture, curtains, rugs; so that few of the things with which Keith lives ever have a chance to get very old; and with most of them he establishes no more than a casual intimacy. This is true even of such personal possessions as his own wardrobe. Living in a city, he has to be fairly well dressed most of the time. He has some old garments which he occasionally uses when the family is away for the summer, but even then he wears, as a rule, special new sports clothes. A circus performer living in a Pullman berth and seeing a different city every day is hardly more completely divorced from the continuing influence of material surroundings than is Keith.

About the most important thing in the boy's life, in his parents' view, is his school. Being good, conscientious people, they send him to an expensive private institution. The public schools of their community are supposed to be excellent, but Keith's father and mother will tell you with scorn and horror that he would have to associate with highly undesirable children; would come home bearing vermin certainly and communicable diseases probably; that the public schools are overcrowded, and that in any case their teaching methods are archaic.

This last opinion is a reflection from the faculty of the school of their choice. It is very modern indeed, experimenting so rapidly with innovations in educational practice that even the teachers sometimes do not quite know where they are. Just at present, it has eliminated old-fashioned discipline; it makes every effort to arouse the voluntary interest of the child in learning something, and then lets him learn that, hoping feverishly that the net result will be an education. It reeks with intelligence tests, studies of group-behavior, reports on personality, notes on group projects, and the like. Visiting teachers from the backwoods come in herds to see the students learn; Keith has put in many hours with a fringe of middle-aged and battered virgins taking notes, all along the back of the room. Has this sort of glass-beehive treatment done him any harm? The school and his parents are aware of none—unless it be reflected in his occasional desire to be a movie actor when he grows up; and this is more probably induced by his observation that the celluloid gentry ride, shoot, climb mountains and disport themselves in other eminently wise and proper ten-year-old ways.

II

Suppose we visit our young man in his home. He lives in an apartment nine stories from the ground, where all his physical wants are supplied in a fashion formerly possible only for the scions of the very rich (and deplored by all moralists as tending to debilitate the character). His house is heated in winter by a furnace which Keith has never seen. Food to him is just something which comes up on the dumb waiter and is prepared by Annie the maid (there is a new Annie about every four months). Water is that which comes out of a tap. None of the chores which Keith's father practiced at his age, in a small town in New England, any more exists. There is no kindling to be chopped or carried in: the cooking is all done with gas. There are no horses or cows to be cared for. In fact, Keith's only responsibility is to keep his own playthings picked up. Even there his derelictions are looked upon with an indulgent eye by his mother and the maid. For he is an only child, as are most of his classmates and friends.

At ten, one is old enough to be allowed to play on the streets without adult chaperonage even in a city; but only within the past year has Keith reached this privilege. Before that, he was invariably watched by his mother or some person hired for the purpose, during every moment spent out of doors. Most of his play, of course, has been in parks; and has been accordingly restricted. You may not dig; you mustn't build tree houses; it is hard to play a really good game of run-sheep-run when the field of action is cluttered up with non-participating servant girls, baby carriages and bench loafers. However, Keith and his friends seem not to be conscious that any divine right of childhood has been impaired. They have royal good times in the park, and hardly ever have their exuberant spirits brought them into conflict with the law. Now, at ten, Keith has been graduated from the apron-strings. He is a member of a Boys' Club conducted under the auspices of his school, which goes on Saturday hikes, and plays games on other week-day afternoons.

III

Keith's parents would probably be classified as belonging to the left wing of their generation—although there are many still further to the left. A minor matter, but perhaps indicative of general attitude, is the fact that they never, from the first,

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talked baby-talk to him. Saved from this handicap, Keith never spoke it either. So far as they could, they have tried to let his mind develop without any of the cruel and deforming inhibitions from which they themselves and all members of their own generation suffer. They have sought to tell him the truth about every subject on which he chose to ask questions, including all matters of sex. If he was too young to understand, they told him anyhow, and in accents which they conscientiously sought to keep free from any suggestion of emotional tone. In consequence, Keith has known, ever since he can remember, where babies come from, and how. No bathroom doors are ever locked in his house; he has always been familiar with the human form, male and female, and so far as his parents can observe, without the faintest "special interest" in the subject. When he was about seven, a boy several years older whom he met at a summer resort attempted to tell him, with great excitement and secrecy, "that the stork doesn't bring the babies." Keith listened politely but made no comment, and that night told his mother of the incident, pointing out casually that several of the assertions of this older boy were incorrect. So far as his parents know, this experience has not been repeated. A large minority, if not a majority, of his friends are being brought up on the same system as himself, so that there is a lessened likelihood that they will indulge in the speculation and experiment which were all but universal at least with the preceding generation.

Even so, Keith is beginning to develop a reticence about this whole subject of sex. Whether this is due to some school influence which is counteracting that of his home, or to some other cause, his parents do not know. But they observe that he speaks less freely about the matter, when a baby comes along in a family of his acquaintance, or a dog he knows has puppies, than he did a year or two ago.

IV

As his family has tried to keep his mind open and candid on sex, so they have sought not to influence nim unfairly on religion. They themselves, like nearly every family of their acquaintance, find that organized religious expression, church and creed, play little part in their lives. Both of them would say they are religious; but this is an extremely private and personal matter, so much so that it is hardly to be shared even with one another, and certainly not with casually-met outsiders. It has seemed to them, on the whole, wisest to leave religion out of Keith's life until he shows some signs of wanting it. They have, of course, like all parents, tried to instill into him the ethical system by which they themselves live, or profess to; they have told him of Christ and His teachings; he has never been forbidden or discouraged from attending Sunday School or church, or reading the Bible. Naturally, however, he has perceived the attitude of his parents and, since on the whole he admires and respects them, has been inclined to follow suit. Now and again the family has been subjected to mild persecution by well meaning church workers, who have called in the effort to herd Keith or his parents or all three into attending some neighborhood church, of one denomination or another. There is in the city a theological seminary with a Sunday School supposed to be the last word in intelligence and efficiency; and a year or two ago Keith, with a chum of his, was inveigled into enrolling. He attended faithfully for six or eight weeks, and then balked. It turned out that he didn't like his teacher, an earnest young man, a senior in the seminary preparing to be a minister. After visiting the class themselves, Keith's parents agreed that he seemed singularly uninspired and clumsy. He obviously didn't like children, and was pretending he did. Therefore the Sunday School issue was dropped.

If anyone be tempted to hold up his hands in horror at this, it should be added that so far as Keith's parents can determine, he seems about as well founded in the sort of ethics which the Christian churches preach, as most of the boys of his generation who have never missed Sunday School since the age of three; and is less addicted to lying, theft and cruelty than some of them. He seems singularly free from any impulse to falsehood; he is unselfish among his contemporaries to a fault. Whatever harm, if any, his lack of church experience may bring him hasn't yet begun to make itself evident.

V

The foregoing statement, however, should not be read as implying that Keith's life is serene and untroubled. On the whole, that is true; but he has his moments of storm. His parents began as most do nowadays with a high resolve never to resort to physical violence in punishment; and whether because of his school, or the general atmosphere of his home, or the fact that he is an only child and therefore is not often crossed in the minor selfishnesses, with toys, candy, etc., which seem normal to early childhood, he has only very rarely needed punishment of any sort. About five times in the past six years he has been spanked; three of these have been administered by his mother, two by his father. The spankings were given at times when some imp of perversity appeared to enter Keith and make him, for days at a time, want with all his might to be "a bad citizen." (No doubt an upset stomach explains these fits as reasonably as anything else.) In every case, his parents admit that they spanked because they lost their tempers and blazed out; and they feel on the whole that it was better to do it thus in a hot rage than to wait and whip in cold blood. In no case has the punishment amounted to more than a few blows with the open

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hand; it is unlikely that the physical pain has endured beyond a few seconds. In every case, it has cleared the air like a thunderstorm, affecting an instant and seemingly magical reformation, with perfect behavior thereafter for days, and so far as his parents can discover, no subsequent or lasting emotional disturbance.

VI

The failure of his parents' initial resolution as to the absence of physical punishment is typical of several other failures in their program for Keith. They were resolved that he should never become an addict of the "funny papers," and all colored supplements were rigorously excluded from their home from the beginning. In vain!—long before he could read, he visited the houses of other children of his age, where nurses, or quite as often, parents, would explain these bloodthirsty delineations to their fascinated offspring. Keith came home from these excursions to plead for the pictures, and in the end he won out. Now a Sunday paper is taken for him, all the rest of it going into the wastebasket as soon as he has extracted the special section of his heart's desire.

His parents think poorly of motion pictures, and in his earlier years it was their plan to take him only to particularly good celluloid offerings—historical films, and Douglas Fairbanks. As he grew older, however, they discovered in Keith a bored restlessness at such times as no definite program of activity occupied his attention—for example, Sunday afternoons in winter. More or less in desperation, they resorted to occasional visits to the neighborhood movie house, made without reference to the character of the film on display provided only it were not too obviously a trashy vampire-story. The occasional visits became more frequent; Keith has now seen many bad films (as well as all the outstanding good ones shown in his city). He takes keen delight in wild melodrama: Indian fights, desperate rides, storms at sea; rescues from burning buildings are his specialties, and his favorite actors are the well known canine and equine stars. He has a violent distaste—shared by all the members of his crowd—for what he calls "love-stuff," and has even been known to walk out on the writhing of some of the screen's most celebrated heavy emoters, despite the inducements of the news-reel yet to come.

What happened as to the funny paper and the movies has happened as well in the matter of his reading. His family takes only the dullest of highbrow morning newspapers, and no evening journal; yet Keith has somehow managed to acquire an expert knowledge of all the most sensational diurnal sheets. He shows no such active interest in them as he earlier displayed in the comic sections; he never demands that they be purchased for his delectation. Yet he always reads them when he gets the chance. Similarly, though he has been brought up on the classic books for children, plus such new volumes as are on the Parent-Teacher Association's white list, he has lately developed a passion for the most vivid and ensanguined stories of impossible adventure, such as the Tarzan books of Edgar Rice Burroughs. He doesn't read these *instead of* the good books to which his parents have exposed him; he reads them both.

VII

The life I have been trying to describe is the one Keith lives for eight months of the year. During the other four, he is at the seashore with his mother and sees his father only in week-ends and the bread-winner's usual brief vacation. In these summer intervals, Keith, the city boy, takes to the out-of-doors easily and gladly—though never with any resemblance to the shy, half-wild farm lad his father once was. Keith swims, tramps in the woods, builds campfires, rides horseback. He also plays golf, which costs more per day than his father ever had for pin money in any month. He enjoys these summers, but not to an extent which suggests that he finds city life in any degree abnormal. When autumn comes he seems always glad to get back to the apartment where the family is for the nonce camping out, and to his school.

VIII

Is Keith a success? To answer that question one needs a more exact definition of the term. He gives every indication of being one who will probably grow up to lead a reasonably happy existence as a fairly well paid practitioner of some profession, a successful husband and father on his own account—if husbandom and fatherhood are still being practiced when he comes to maturity. Is he a success as a ten-year-old? From the point of view of his parents, on the whole he is; but they recognize that many other parents would disapprove heartily of most of his whole scheme of existence. They themselves, however, would sincerely prefer being alone with Keith to being alone with almost any adult they know. Even granting normal affection, that is a stiff test.

On the debit side it must be recorded that he is somewhat selfish in his relations with adults—not, as I have already said, with children. This selfishness in the presence of the elder generation his parents attribute to his being an only child, and regard as inevitable. He is inclined to be cocksure about his opinions and arrogant in their expression. Most children pass through such a stage, though not all arrive at it so early. In Keith, his parents think, it may result partly from the careful effort of home and school to have him always speak his mind freely, not belittling an opinion merely because he himself happens to be the person who holds it.

He is also, and this genuinely surprises his par-

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ents, somewhat lacking in initiative and in mental resource generally. He seems to need *things* to play with, projects arranged by someone else into which he can fit with a definite task of his own. He cannot be altogether lacking in imagination, since as a part of his school work he writes stories and verses rather easily and well; but when left to himself he does not fall readily into the invention of games for his own amusement as his father did at that age. When Keith plays pirate, he wants someone to provide him in advance with a whole pirate outfit, including false moustaches; to play war games (and he adores these, to the dismay of a rather pacifist father) he demands at least a boxful of lead soldiers. Is this a natural deficiency in Keith as an individual? Or is it the result of his whole environment, the environment of today in which things, things, things, play so large a part? His parents do not know, though they sometimes have a troubled sense that he is being subjected to mental massage whereas once upon a time children, leading a life bare of material possessions, were forced to mental exercise. They note also, with something near to dismay, that already at the age of ten he is living a crowded life of schedule, routine and appointments. Almost every minute of his waking hours is taken up with some definite activity planned, perhaps, weeks in advance. When this schedule is interrupted, he seems at a loss; and these are the occasions which bring forth one of his rare whining spells: "What kin I do, Dad? What kin I do, Red Cross?" (A babyhood nickname for his mother.)

IX

If weaknesses are here revealed, are they the result of his "advanced" upbringing and his ultra-modern school? Or are they normal traits which might have been even more accentuated, or might have appeared in worse form, had it not been for the manner in which he has been reared? His parents find themselves quite unable to say. If they had it to do over again they think they would follow just about the methods they did, school and all; and yet they find themselves forced in honesty to admit that he seems to resemble any quantity of boys who have been reared by precisely opposite methods, or in fact by none.

Probably he is in fact just an ordinary child. His parents will hasten to tell you that this is true, laughing at themselves secretly the while. For the fact is, they note with some embarrassment, their estimates of his worth are completely without sanity. He seems to their distorted vision the most incredibly valuable product of all the centuries; they contemplate him with a fierce and tender emotion which they assure themselves is quite ridiculous—but do not dispel by such self-reproaches. In short, they are afflicted as to him with that incurable and divine myopia known as love.

KEITH, SENIOR.

Washington Notes

WHAT a farce it all is—this game of American politics. How easy and safe it is to deceive the people. How immune from punishment are the statesmen who promise and fail to perform! How shallow is the popular intellect, how short the public memory! As the Honorable Blease of South Carolina said in one Senate session when he had worked himself into a burning fever over the alleged dissipations and debaucheries of the foreign diplomats who sojourn here in Washington with us for a while, "My God, what a country!"

The only reason for these random and more or less irrelevant remarks is that I have recently been reflecting upon the, to me, perfectly extraordinary manner in which the two highest officials of our federal government each in his own way succeed in passing off on the public the fakiest kind of political currency without ever a come-back.

On the one hand there is Mr. Coolidge, who has resorted to unheard-of kinds of propaganda, such as riding out to Chicago in an ordinary Pullman like an ordinary citizen, in order to impress upon the people the intensity of his desire for governmental economy and who still never overlooks an opportunity to put across a piece of economy publicity for himself.

In the face of all this, the Budget proposals have not only been uniformly in excess of Congressional appropriations since he took office instead of below them, but governmental expenses all along the line are greater, and the White House payroll as well as ordinary White House expenditures are up over the Harding and Wilson administrations. Anybody who cares to dig into the records can verify these facts. A good many have. Occasionally in the House or on the Senate floor a Democrat or a Progressive will get up and present the figures. But they never get anywhere. It is looked upon as a low political attack upon the President, who is silently bearing his burdens and straining to hold down the cost. Not many of the metropolitan papers will print, except on an inconspicuous inside page, even an abstract of an indictment of the hollowness and buncombe of this economy business.

In Washington for instance neither The Star nor The Post, nor Mr. Hearst's Herald and Times appear to me interested in political news reflecting an unfavorable light upon the administration. They print such news when it is unavoidable, but with manifest reluctance and usually with accompanying editorial comment and headline captions apparently designed to nullify its effect and indicate that there is back of the attack unworthy partisan purpose. In this attitude the Washington papers are not in the least unlike those of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and points west. The net result is that the economy fraud is fastened on us. It is one of the most transparent of political fakes, yet only an insignificant proportion of the population sees through it and such is the indelible nature of the impression made by persistent and well managed propaganda that it is apparently futile to present the real facts.

But enough about Mr. Coolidge and his fake economy. In the long run time will true things up perhaps. There

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used to be an old fellow out in Indiana who was fond of saying that while he knew the right would prevail in the end his experience was that generally it was so long prevailing that everybody had stopped caring long before and it made so little difference that it didn't seem really worth while to him. That is the way I think it will be about this matter of Coolidge economy. About the time the fact penetrates the public mind that there is no economy and never was any economy, that the whole business is spurious and false, Coolidge is likely to have been renominated and reëlected for another term. Still they may wake up earlier. You never can tell, and there are certain disquieting symptoms being uneasily observed by the little group of New England politicians who constitute the Coolidge Kitchen Cabinet. Ted and Jim and John and Bill and Frank look askance at the menacing political clouds in Pennsylvania, in Iowa, in Wisconsin, in Indiana, in Massachusetts, and wonder just how their little leader will look when the winter rolls around again.

However, I am forgetting General Dawes. In the beginning of this letter I spoke of the amazing way in which our two highest officials with entire immunity from criticism or check-up had put out the fakiest sort of political promissory notes and made not the least effort to redeem them. The second person I meant is General Dawes. I do not think this session ought to be allowed to pass completely into history without someone drawing attention to the failure of General Dawes to make good on his campaign promises of last summer. I do not think the American people ought to forget entirely the way in which he rampaged up and down through the land denouncing the Senate, pointing out the terrible waste of the people's time, the awful inefficiency of the present archaic Senate rules, declaring that they must go and promising specifically that as soon as the Senate met in December the fight to reorganize these rules would begin and be waged without letup until won. There was no limit to the language of General Dawes. In South and East and West he made his promises, brandished his fists and asserted that he was enlisted in this warfare and proposed to keep on fighting to the bitter end.

Well, the Senate has now been in session five long months and if General Dawes has made a really earnest effort to redeem any of these promises he made last summer I have not heard of it. Nor can I find anyone else who has. Without apology, without a statement or explanation, General Dawes apparently ceases his effort, abandons his idea, refuses to fight when the time comes to fight. The fact that he would certainly have been licked is no excuse for failure to fight. It would, had he had the heart, have been easy enough to have got some Senator to force at least some sort of a vote. It is true the Vice-President has not the privileges of the debate himself, but he could personally do a lot to promote his cause. He could at least have made some sort of showing, some kind of fight, got some kind of a vote. You would have thought after the terrific clamor he made last summer and the extraordinary publicity he secured, his self-respect would have made a showdown of some character necessary—that at least a real gesture would have to be made, even if not more than one or two Senators voted with him.

Last summer he did not leave his audiences under the impression that he was the kind of man to be daunted by the odds against him in this fight. On the contrary he conveyed more or less delicately the general idea that single-handed he was prepared to meet the hard-boiled hosts and battle for the people's rights. All I can say is that he hasn't battled much this session. As to the reason, I do not think I do him an injustice when I say that he seems to shrink from clashing with the fiery Senator Reed of Missouri. Eary in the session on two more or less minor matters Reed and the Vice-President collided and the former obviously and publicly got the better of the collision. It was thought both on the floor and in the press gallery that General Dawes was taken aback—not to say aghast, at the ferocity with which the poisonous Mr. Reed struck at him on the floor and it has seemed to a good many that General Dawes would go a considerable distance out of his way to avoid another collision. I may be wrong, but that is the way it has looked to me too. Of course it was plain early in the summer that the President was wholly out of sympathy with the Dawes ideas and would lend them no support. That removed any chance of their success and there would have been few votes in the Senate for them had they been pressed to a conclusion. However, none of these things seem to me to justify the perfectly flat abandonment of his whole campaign without a word or even a gesture.

If the people were not so thick in the head about things political in general and so swiftly forgetful even of the things on which they seem to have a grasp, the complete and spectacular fiasco which Dawes has made of this business and the absurdity with which his present meekness and inaction contrasts with his previous activity and fierceness, would make him the prize political joke of the present year. As things are it just is not appreciated—and the new Democratic National Committee publicity man gives out a statement in which he uses General Dawes's name at the head of a list of seven Republicans who he declares are serious contenders for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1928 to succeed Mr. Coolidge. That this suggestion with the Dawes name at the top should come from the Democratic Committee is an even bigger joke—but no one sees it. It seems to me that the bump of humor among politicians generally has become a dent. There are so many things that are funny in this administration—unconsciously funny I mean, which makes them funnier—and so few people who seem free to laugh at them. Look at Coolidge, look at Dawes, look at Sargent and Kellogg, look at the earnest but dull Doctor Work, at poor old Papa Stearns, the aged Gillett and the gloomy Butler, at the earnest and engaging Donovan, the venerable and revered Mellon. It really is a side-splitting administration when you see them in a clear light, away from the glare of party publicity and the hum of the propaganda engines. Some day we will sit back and wonder why we did not just laugh the whole kit and kaboodle out of Washington.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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At Mrs. Beam's

At Mrs. Beam's, by C. K. Munro. The Guild Theatre. April 26, 1926.

THE drawing-room at Mrs. Beam's boarding-house, Notting Hill Gate, London, and that bedroom that the Dermotts engage of Mrs. Beam might well be less humble, less shoddy and low class than they are just now at the Guild Theatre. After all we are to believe that this is a not too elegant place but one where faded gentlefolk may live, and—what is more vital to the plot—where the lodgers have something worth stealing when the Dermotts are ready to make their adieus. The chambers could be foolish and stuffed, crowded with idle knick-knacks and excessive upholstery, but might after all, compared to Mrs. Beam's establishment on Fifty-second Street, be a little better class of bad taste.

Mr. Henry Travers's dress suit too is something beyond credibility or persuasion; a moth-eaten Englishman like his Mr. Durrows, living here among these proper people, must still have hints of excellence about his clothes. Otherwise the costumes in the production are delightful. They have all the fancy and mussy prettiness that ought to go with the gentility of these English ladies. The ladies, as they should do, rattle with bangles like poodles coming into the room, the necks are hung with chains one after another, strings of sea shells, beads, links and lockets, the corsets are high and lean, the waists round, the skirts full and grouped as God wills in the souls of individualists who make a great many differentiations without many discriminations, who are as faithful to a mode of the toilette as they are to boiled greens and savory. The coiffures have that soupçon anglais that the free spirit gives. The manner of wearing these garments, these skirts and suits, bracelets, head-dresses, slippers, chains and scarves, is relaxed in the mood of an island race where every being has to be washed down out of his single tower by quantities of tea and whiskey into the social expanse, in the midst of which he still intends to be comfortable.

After the settings, then, and the dress suit of Mr. Durrows, there is little to find fault with in this delightful venture of the Theatre Guild. They have had a season of marked inequalities, some plays presented that seemed hard to account for, some passable Shaw productions, a sort of comedy-of-masks mystery piece that was at least suggestive, and finally a drama for which we can never be too grateful, Werfel's Goat Song, certainly the most important drama of the season. At Mrs. Beam's ends the season fragrantly and whimsically, a pleasant evening, a sly comment on English life, on human foibles, a gallery of portraits seen with the eye of a friendly imp and acted in general very well.

I have a suspicion that Mr. Munro meant his comedy to be more an affair of character studies, of portraits explored to their last droll reaches, than is the comedy that we see now at the Guild's theatre. A group of English players, a London company, might play harder for points and particular streaks and oddities and minute details of character. As it stands now Miss Jean Cadell, brought over from the long triumphant British production, plays with more persistent delineation and with infinitely more lines and strokes than go into the performances of the rest of the company. If everyone drew as elaborately as she does, we should have more of the character comedy and less of the freely flowing story than we now get. For an American audience, however, the gain to the story more than compensates, I think, for this paring down in the amount of Dickens and other English humorous character traditions not so familiar to us as to London. At Mrs. Beam's shows a much fairer plot outline than reports of travelers who had seen the play in London might have led us to believe. The burden of suspense is engaging enough, you find yourself really wanting to know how everything will turn out, what those charming thieves will do by the last curtain time, how Mrs. Beam's will take the surprise and flight of such a puzzling and high-colored pair. Mr. Munro has written a comedy, light or not light as you please to think, but with a good plot and situation.

Miss Shoe, Mrs. Bebb, her son James, a deaf old lady in a lace cap and others, sit in Mrs. Beam's drawing-room. A man and a woman have come lately into the house, Miss Shoe thinks the worst about them. She has read in the papers of a modern Bluebeard that has appeared in Paris. The Bluebeard has killed already thirty-nine wives and cut them up and even eaten them, or so some say, and Miss Shoe with them. It has come into her mind that these two new lodgers are involved. The wife, she knows, is the daughter of Viscount Bixe, and Miss Shoe believes that the poor girl is to be the fortieth victim, for the man fits the description of the criminal, even to the mole under his right eye and the arrival in London, fleeing doubtless from the law. We have then a scene in the bedroom of the newcomers. Laura is jealous, she is lonely, she watches a child across the street—a wise, effective touch on the dramatist's part—she studies the church spires and imagines the people passing under each, she quarrels with Dermott, who is trying to make out papers for passports on their way to the Western Hemisphere. The papers are a little difficult since the profession of this pair is esoteric and subject to prison, and since Laura's father and who he was is more than she knows. They quarrel and throw fruit and slippers, and finally roll on the floor to the point where Miss Shoe bursts through the door, thinking that they had said come in and wishing to ask the loan of a few coals.

In the last act the suspicion of the lodgers increases: Laura confesses to Miss Shoe that Mr. Dermott is not her husband and that he cruelly mistreats her. Meanwhile the news of this has reached Mrs. Beam, who requests the use of her room for other purposes and persons more respectable and so gives the thieves a good pretext for leaving. Laura goes away, loaded with the valuables of the house, while Mr. Dermott acts out the Bluebeard legend in the drawing-room and bids the guests au revoir a few moments before the police messages arrive and the lodgers find that they have been robbed. The story is leisurely in its progress now and then and lags a trifle or, shall we say, leans on the character comedy implicit in the scene; but on the whole the plot holds piquantly together.

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The leading part falls to Miss Jean Cadell, who in two acts at least is almost constantly on the stage and whose spirit hovers over the wild moments of the other. Miss Cadell is a character actress in the English school; her study in character detail is unceasing, the portrait that she creates is entirely credible. To speak more exactly, however, Miss Cadell is a type actress. And in this rôle of Miss Shoe, forever dryly virginal, inquisitive, gossipy, proper and egotistical, she is most adequate and diverting. As a player she lacks natural magnetism, and the absence of real wit—hers is not a witty comment on the character—from her performance tends to diminish whatever amount of magnetism might appear. Her attack is obvious, but the exactness of her observation of the character keeps the portrayal very much alive and warmly applauded.

This quality of magnetism and witty point is precisely what Miss Helen Westley in the rôle of an old woman always does possess, and her playing, opposite that of Miss Cadell's, is finely contrived and admirable. Mr. Alfred Lunt plays with unflagging spirits and a good wit, though he chews up his lines now and then. Mr. Paul Nugent forces tediously as James Bebb, the son who can do little beyond turning on the gramophone. The honors of the evening fall to Miss Lynn Fontanne, who takes the Creole Laura Pasquale from Rio, dusky, naïve, rascally, passionate, spoiled and somehow pathetic like a child or an animal, and makes every quality in her shine and glow. It must easily be one of the best performances of the New York year. The technical attack of it is good, the glamor of it is saucy, wayward and touching.

The directing of this new piece at the Guild Theatre is by Mr. Phillip Moeller and is remarkably well placed and well sustained all through.

STARK YOUNG.

The Old Conviviality and the New

(*New Orleans*)

I

"HOW 'bout yuh?" says the boy from the city-desk, running into friends on Canal Street. "Which way yuh goin'? Come on along an' get a drink. I'm just goin' to stop into the Red Crescent and have a couple o' drinks before I go home." "I'm on the wagon now, Charley," says the artist; the Tulane student has to work. Inside the bar, the white-coated mulatto boy serves them all around. "Before you drink any o' that," says the bar-tender, "I just want you to taste this." He brings out a brown whiskey bottle and pours a little in a small glass. "This here's the real thing," he announces. "First real stuff I've seen in a year! Just taste it!" "That's the real thing, all right!" Charley meets him with enthusiasm. The artist orders another round. "This stuff is all right, though," says the student. "Won't do you any harm, anyway!" "I'd be dead, if it did!" says the bar-tender. "It's just straight Cuban alcohol, with a little caramel flavoring." The artist, contemplating the bar-tender through the crystal of those two late drinks, sees him glow with benevolent radiance: the old-fashioned type he reflects, the barrel-girth, the tight ruddy skin, the distinguished silver hairs: he won't lie about bad whiskey! "Look at that bead!" the bar-tender exclaims. "See how it lasts! Look at that! Ever see any bead like that around town?" To Charley, the bead seems as durable and as precious as a jewel; the student stares at a picture of a race-horse, unglazed and yellow with age: what a beautiful creature a horse is! what a magnificent occasion the Derby! he wonders whether he has made a mistake in going to college, instead of following the races in his youth, as Sherwood Anderson did. "No: never bothered me yet," says the bar-tender in answer to a question from Charley. "Be funny if they did come in here and see everything right out, like it is—just like an old-time bar: whiskey open on the counter—jug o' this other stuff—couple o' cases o' beer! They'd say: 'Guess you ain't heard about Prohibition!—didn't know that law had been passed!'" Everybody laughs; the student orders another round.

A long-legged gawky Negro with a guitar comes in from the street. "Let's have a little music!" says Charley. "I gotta sit down to play," says the Negro. "Come inside, boys," says the bar-tender. "Come inside and make yourselves comfortable!" Inside, they make a circle of chairs and the Negro begins to strum:

> "Down in New Orleans—dance that's new!
> Men can do it an' the women, too!
> Oh, shake that thing! Won't you shake that thing!
> I'm sick and tired tellin' you to shake that thing!"

"Bring *him* a drink!" orders Charley, nodding in the direction of the guitarist, as the boy serves another round. At a word from the waiter, the bar-tender goes out and brings back an enormous man with a fixed glare and a wooden leg. "That's a detective," whispers Charley to the artist. The detective sweeps the room with a glance, then sits down and swallows a drink.

> "Old Uncle Joe, the Jelly-Roll King!
> Got a hump in his back from shakin' that thing!"

Everybody laughs loudly; the detective smiles; he recognizes Charley and nods. "How 'bout yuh?" says Charley; "How about yuh?" says the detective. "What raciness! what wit!" reflects the student. "How unabashedly Dionysian in the face of the white man's conventions!" "Bring another round—on the house," the bar-tender orders the waiter. "That's a swell picture!" says Charley to their host, indicating a tarnished classical landscape in the foreground of which oriental beauties are lolling on tiger-skins. "Don't see many like that any more!" "Wouldn't take a hundred and fifty dollars for it!" replies the bar-tender. "Gettin' piped himself!" whispers Charley.

"Story for yuh over on Royal Street tonight," says the detective confidentially to Charley. "Organ-grinder's monkey got away and got into Betty Johnson's." Charley laughs extravagantly. "All the girls came out on the galleries and began to holler bloody-murder. Couldn'ta carried on worse, if the place had been on fire. A policeman

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had to go in an' ketch the monkey an' quiet him down!" "What a jolly place New Orleans is," thinks Charley, as he whoops with laughter, "where the police reassure the harlots! It's a real Catholic city!" "That bottle," proclaims the artist to the student, "is the most beautiful thing of its kind I have ever seen: it has significant form. I bought a pair of Empire vases at an auction today and I give you my word of honor, as an ornament, I would rather have that bottle!" "Make you a present of it," says the bar-tender, who has overheard him across the room. "That's real ol' French brandy." He comes forward, proffering the bottle with the expansive and casual air of a rich plantation-owner.

"Can you remember the Barrel-House Blues?" "Yeah; I cain' remember dat one," says the Negro, drooping heavily over his guitar. "Lemme have another drink an' I'll try and sing it." "Bring *him* another drink," orders Charley, and adds to the company at large, "I can sing Sweet Adeline!" "We'll take your word for it," says the artist. "Go ahead and sing it then," says the student. "The tenor is all I can sing: I've got to have another voice." "I kin sing the bass," says the detective. "Go ahead and play the accompaniment," commands Charley, beaming. "Do you know Sweet Adeline?" "Yass: I know dat one," says the Negro. They go through it, in imperfect synchronization and with a great gulf between tenor and bass. "That's not Sweet Adeline," says Charley, with intense professionalism. "That's the same accompaniment you were playing before!" "I couldn't jes' remember it at first. Start again an' I'll play it right." He puts down his hat and they fling coins with the gestures of princes. "I can sing a baritone," says the student, who, in his mind, has been trying his own voice with enthusiastic approval. "Well, hadn't we ought to make it a quartette then?" the bar-tender urges. "I used to sing that song once." The guitarist, struggling against torpor, pulls himself together in his chair and strikes a few inappropriate chords. Then the quartette bursts on the room:

> "Sweet Adeline!—Sweet Adeline!
> Say you'll be mine!—Say you'll be mine!" . . .

II

Just before the weekly luncheon of the Kittiwake Club, the Reverend Kendricks comes over to the President and speaks to him earnestly: "We've got to throw some more pep into these lunches," declares the fighting pastor. "There hasn't been a spark of life in them lately! Half the members act like they were strangers to each other; they sit around like they were in a restaurant. If we don't want to be considered just a charitable home for left-overs from the Rotary, we've got to take a brace!" His black eyes, his sharp nose and his jaw of snapping white teeth bite fiercely into the President, whose round spectacles and egg-shaped head seem to melt and disintegrate before the pastor's attack: Mr. Evans is the proprietor of the third largest clothing store in New Orleans. "Another thing," the Reverend Kendricks continues. "You mustn't let Peterson talk about the trip to Mississippi. He's peeved with the way they were treated—whether rightly or wrongly, I don't know. But, in any event, he's all primed to make himself nasty about it—and, if the Kittiwake stands for brotherhood, any reflections on brother Kittiwakes are contrary to the Kittiwake spirit!" "I've asked him to speak already," says the President helplessly. "Well, just leave him out," says the pastor.

The tables are nearly filled; the waiters serve the soup. Mr. Evans sits down before the American flag spread on the wall behind him. He swallows a few spoonfuls of soup, then immediately rises: "Now, to see who wins the attendance competition, will those with red badges please rise." When the reds have risen, the whites rise, interrupting their gumbo soup. While the soup-plates are being removed, the Reverend Kendricks springs to his feet: "Now, we'll sing Number Seven in the song-book and I want you to put some pep into it!" The Brothers sing Auld Lang Syne as fast and as hard as they can: when they have finished, their minced chicken is before them and even a little cold. Mr. Evans rises again: "Mr. Zeismann will now address us," he begins. "Fine the President!" cries a voice with a sharp laugh; "Yes: that'll be a dime!" "I mean to say, Brother Zeismann will now address us on business methods in the shrimp-packing industry." Brother Zeismann, who takes the occasion seriously, reads aloud in an inaudible voice a paper which he has carefully prepared. Some of the younger members become restive and grumble among themselves: the paper so far overruns the minced chicken that, by the time Brother Zeismann has finished, the Reverend Kendricks has only time for two stanzas of a comic song.

Brother Evans begins in some embarrassment: "I have asked Mr.—Brother Peterson to talk on his trip to Gulfport last week——" "I want to move," snaps the Reverend Kendricks, "that no public report be made: it has no place at a Kittiwake luncheon. Let Brother Peterson make a report to the officers, if it is desired, at some other time." "I move that a report be made here!" says a Brother who has been on the trip and who does not like the Reverend Kendricks. Somebody else seconds the motion; a vote is taken and the ayes have it. "Some of the Brothers were surprised," says Brother Peterson, after a few preliminary remarks, standing at ease with his hands in his pockets, "at what happened to us up there. But I wasn't surprised: I'd been to Mississippi before. In the first place, they put us up in a little hotel that stood right beside the jail-house: we wouldn'ta minded that so much if the rooms had only been clean: I expect the prisoners were better off than we were. Then, at the meeting, they didn't introduce us and they didn't say nothing to us: a Mississippi proposition was handled from soup to nuts! We had a little table to ourselves and it was 'way off on one side; and, after the dinner, we just filed out—like a football team! As I say, some of the Brothers were surprised; but I'd been up to Gulfport before and the last time I went I got shot. I've got the bullet-hole in my arm now! So I knew what to expect and we got what I expected. In other words, the whole thing can be summed up in a single word and that word is Rotten!" The Reverend Kendricks checks the laughter by leaping into another song. "Now, we'll sing a new song," he shouts. "The new Kittiwake song—written by Brother Benziger!" He drives

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them through it with spiteful force. At last they subside to eat chocolate pie with a lump of meringue on top. But the Reverend Kendricks has seen his chance: "What about these pie-eaters here?" he cries. "Couldn't wait to get at their pie! How 'bout a little duet from these pie-eaters?" The two Brothers who have begun on their pie before the Kittiwake song was finished smile foolishly: one is the man who seconded the motion. "It's not a joke—not a bit of it!" insists the Reverend Kendricks grimly. "Come on, you 'Buzz'!" He leans over and glares at the celluloid buttons which indicate their nicknames, "And you, 'Doc'! Let's hear how you can sing! Come on: stand up and sing!" At his command, the two men stand up; he herds them to the middle of the room; they turn red. "Come on," cries the Reverend Kendricks, "let's hear you sing it through!" He leads them triumphantly:

"New Orleans, New Orleans! You're such a grand
old town!
We're proud to say it now! We'd say it, anyhow!
New Orleans, New Orleans! We'll spread your
name around!
We'll tell the world with flags unfurled,
We're all for you!"

EDMUND WILSON.

Boy in the Wind

How came this troubled one to stray
With fire and song in the wind's way?

Indifferent and dumb and sweet,
The seasons fall about his feet.

Frail flames are set behind his eyes,
And under his ribs his heart makes moan
Like a pent bird who throbs and dies.

He walks in the windy night alone.

And who would know if he should sing
Whose song is less than the murmuring
Of the wind full of the ruin of spring?

And who could say if he had flown
Like a flame blown out or a bird upblown?

Or if his heart cries out in pain
Who hears the cry through wind and rain?

He wanders east. He wanders west.

Where will he ever come to rest
With that fire blowing in his brain
And that bird grieving in his breast?

GEORGE H. DILLON.

The Bandwagon

SCORE ONE FOR HOI POLLOI

Michael Arlen's popularity is one of the most astonishing things. How it ever happened that such precious charm, such touch-and-go wit, such lightness of method have found the Great Public is beyond us, but they have, thus refuting for the moment all theories set by the intelligentsia regarding the insensibility of the Great Public to fine things.

—Harper's Bazaar.

MUSICAL NOTE FROM WASHINGTON

Picking from the Cabinet and Congress it would be possible to organize an orchestra with Vice-President Dawes as pianist, Speaker Longworth on the violin, Secretary Davis on the saxophone and President Coolidge on the harmonica.

—United Press.

NOW LET'S COUNT THE PATRIOTS

Those who have visited all parts of Florida and failed to become its devoted admirers and friends would do well to make a careful examination of their Americanism.

—E. H. Youngman, in The Bankers' Magazine.

NO ROOM FOR OLD NICK IN PALMYRA

Palmyra, Ind., April 2.—Despite the edict of three elders of the Church of Christ, W. Clyde Martin, proprietor of Ranger Community Hall here, has refused to prohibit roller skating. . . . Testimony was that roller skating "had the appearance of evil." Basket-ball was approved by the judges, but they urged "that every effort be put forth by everyone to make the costumes worn by the players conform to decency and modest apparel."

—Associated Press.

STILL FIRST

I do not blame the Negro for wanting social equality. That is a noble aspiration. The only obstacle is that it will never come to pass because the white race has done more for God, for civilization, the world and humanity than all the other races combined.

—Doctor Evans of the Ku Klux Klan.

ADD BENEFITS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

London, March 28.—The Prince of Wales never loses an opportunity to use Americanisms or to display some of the knowledge gleaned while in the United States. On his recent visit to Ayr in Scotland a sleety gale was blowing as he stepped from the train. His first words were: "Swell weather you keep up here."

—Associated Press.

HUSH! HERE'S A SECRET

My purpose in coming to this country is to dispel the conception that England is run by Reds. . . . I am here on my own to denounce Shaw and Wells. They will be furious when they hear of it.

—Captain Gilbert Frankau.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Non-Voting Prohibitionist

SIR: In your column, The Week of your March 24 number, I noted the statement with which I would here humbly beg to differ, viz.: "It is inevitable that a poll of this sort should give better representation to urban than to rural elements; but we are aware of no evidence to support the hypothesis of dry leaders that the poll is unrepresentative because the enemies of prohibition will take the trouble to vote, whereas its friends will not. It would be just as easy in our opinion to support the opposite statement." This in regard to recent chicken pox of newspaper polls on prohibition.

Gentlemen, lend me your ears! A few weeks ago after numerous polls of this kind in a nearby industrial centre a survey was taken in a Sunday School (a school, I reluctantly admit, of that despicably bigoted sect, the Methodists) which revealed that out of 205 adult persons present one had voted. You may have your guess as to how the majority of the 204 would have voted and I may have mine. I hardly expect you would care to publish this but would you answer with your estimate of this statement.

ARTHUR G. MCDOWELL.

Butler, Pa.

Confessions of a Feminist

SIR: The story of the once-feminist brought a little chill to my still-ardently-feminist heart, but the scientific method refuses to be downed by one example. Besides, what about these points:

1. Are all husbands as selfish as the one pictured? For it *is* selfish to refuse to help care for the baby at night whether the mother has a job or not. That's the least a husband can do.

2. Why bother making him wash dishes or toast bread? A wife's job could at least pay for the kind of help which could do that.

3. Granted that it is a pleasure to mother one's husband (the Freudians would have something to say as to the significance of that), still one's inclinations need not go the length of serving him coffee in bed.

4. Granted, also, that a baby takes up most of its mother's time at first, that adequate assistance is scarcely to be had at any price, and that nursery schools are still a novelty, nevertheless there are kindergartens for four-year-olds and a few jobs for their mothers in the morning.

I still cling tight to my faith. Families and "careers" are both possible and necessary.

No, I am not married.

HELEN LELAND WITMER.

University of Minnesota.

Realigning Political Issues

SIR: As a resident of the Middle West and as a follower of the political attitude of the New Republic I wish to present briefly my idea as to the logical and probable realignment of political parties in the United States.

It is generally admitted that the old party lines are practically meaningless and that no major issue finds itself championed wholeheartedly and exclusively by one of the dominant parties. The most decided differences of opinion with respect to national questions occur between the South and West on the one hand and the East on the other. The former become increasingly certain that the absolute and unrelenting competition to which agriculture is subjected and the ominous growth of monopoly interests in the East demand certain governmental interference in behalf of the farmer.

Though the agriculture situation forms the outstanding point of cleavage, there are certain other questions which would constitute admirable secondary planks. Outstanding among these is the prohibition question. Obviously it is the industrial centres which will align themselves with the anti-prohibition forces. The West is also in large measure a unit in the endorsement of Bryan's views on censorship, religion and evolution, thus finding itself in further disagreement with the more liberal and scientific urban dwellers. Thus only a decade of education and adjustment is necessary to effect a more honest and meaningful division of issues between parties.

The matter of names is more significant than it should be, yet must be taken into consideration. It has been demonstrated that the agricultural West is less definitely attached to a party name than is the South. The easiest means for realignment is for the liberal bloc in the West to assume the appellation of "Democrats," thereby unifying the West and South in name as well as in spirit.

Let us hope for a speedy inauguration of this change, thereby eliminating some of the present hypocrisy from national politics.

HOMER JONES.

Haskins, Ia.

The Professional Woman's Baby

SIR: A pleasant article that of Helen Glenn Tyson, The Professional Woman's Baby, speaking as it does of this and of that and touching here and there on the problem of the professional mother. But just what is it that Mrs. Tyson offers as even partial relief? And why "the Professional Woman's Baby" alone? Why not also the babies of the half-million industrial mothers? Surely Mrs. Tyson in her profession as a social worker must have recognized the preponderance of their problems. And do the professions include also the tens of thousands of stenographers and clerks, saleswomen and waitresses, or are they limited to "social work, dentistry, teaching and laboratory work?"

To some of us industrial or professional mothers, and we have alternated so that we can no longer find the line of demarcation, Mrs. Tyson's article is just so much continued college discussion. To refer in passing to the half-million industrial mothers, commiserate with them and proceed academically to "part-time unit in professional work" is small enlightenment to us.

To be sure Mrs. Tyson's article may not be without value to those "educated" mothers who can still fortunately consider "careers" and balancing motherhood and a profession. But at this time we need a much wider discussion of the problems of the wage-earning mother, and the New Republic ought to let us have some articles that are wide enough in scope to take in the half-million industrials as well as the few thousand professionals.

Los Angeles, Calif. MATILDA ROBBINS.

SIR: In her article, The Professional Woman's Baby, in your issue of April 7, Helen Glenn Tyson deals with the difficulties under our present economic arrangements and customs for a woman with a child, to care for the latter and also compete with men and childless women in working for an income outside the home.

I conceive it to be a problem which cannot be satisfactorily solved so long as we continue to measure our transfers by results.

But, once we learn to charge for nothing but our work when transferring it to another, whether as direct or stored work, our trading will become true exchange. The giving of work for work —hour for hour of its duration.

Then, all adults will be free to choose their own occupations and to set their own hours of work, and much of the work now done in factories and offices it will then be possible to do satisfactorily at home. And there will come about a more balanced attitude in regard to parental responsibility for the personal care and safety of children.

Aside from the nursing of unweaned infants, it will be seen that the fathers are personally, morally as responsible as the mothers for the care and welfare of the children. And that the children need the personal companionship of BOTH parents. Hence, both father and mother will so mutually arrange their work as to have as much time as possible near their children.

Then, where both parents have to do some of their work away

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from home, they will generally be able to arrange it so that one parent will be with the children while the other is away, so that the children will not be neglected and outside help will not have to be called in on their behalf. And yet neither parent will be deprived of the freedom to work away from home.

Phoenix, Arizona. VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

Is Instalment Buying Dangerous?

SIR: In your editorial, Where Instalment Buying Breaks, appearing in your issue of April 7, a very sane discussion of certain aspects of instalment buying is followed by "an oversimplified case" purporting to illustrate "the basic danger." In this example you assume that persons buying everything on instalments payable over two years cannot buy anything else until the end of the two-year period, and you argue that consumers' purchasing power cannot be enlarged permanently just by extending instalment credits.

But let us assume that the instalment buying extends more or less evenly throughout the country and that each month a certain fraction of families buys on a two-year basis. When all the families are purchasing regularly on the instalment plan, their annual purchases may be back to the old level, but in the meantime they will have made the equivalent of 11½ months' extra purchases. If they buy on twelve-month instalments, the net increment of purchases will be 5½ months' extra, and so on. And if your contention is right that the total production of the country is limited largely by the amount of buying power, may not the extra consumption have led to a higher total volume of purchasing power and production, by the time instalment buying has become more general?

Considered from an individual point of view, a given family by buying on instalments simply obtains various articles several months or more before it could do so if it saved up in advance, and in a family in which property is handed down from parents to children there may be no decrease in purchasing power at all, though money legacies may be less. Furthermore, as Benjamin Franklin and other great practical philosophers have pointed out, going into debt is apt to make men work. There are probably millions of families in which some member of the family will go to work or the principal breadwinner will take on a side line in order to obtain automobiles and household articles if they are within reach through instalment buying. (This discussion leaves out of discussion homes, which must nearly always be purchased on the instalment plan.) Most of these families would never have made the same efforts in order to build up a savings account. Many of them, let us hope, learn from the process how to manage their budgets so that eventually they can obtain articles of large first cost for cash without the extra burden of instalment buying.

I am aware of grave dangers in over-extended instalment buying. But if the estimate that you quote of five billion dollars' worth of goods a year sold on the instalment plan is at all reasonable, the total debts due on instalments at any one time must be well under two and a half billion dollars, or less than two weeks' income of the American people. (These estimates must, of course, exclude purchases of homes.) This item of pledged income would seem to have relatively no greater potential dangers than the stocking of commodities by merchants and industries or decreases in farm purchasing power such as we have had to face in the past. Probably the stocks of commodities in transit on freight cars have been reduced through shorter time in transit by an equivalent value within the last four years.

May I also suggest that your reaffirmation of a paragraph written nearly a year ago seems to imply a certain disregard of some constructive developments during the past year and more. You state "Eventually business must face the necessity of increasing general purchasing power as fast as it increases its production. . . . It must eventually raise wages or lower prices, or both." Practically every day I read reports of corporations which have been increasing their production, increasing wage payments and decreasing prices of finished commodities. Would it not be constructive to study the competitive conditions and technical developments which surround these developments which you wish to see realized? Could you not publish an honor roll of industries and corporations which have done especially well? How much and in what quarters should the tendency be hastened?

May I also point out that in developing the facts as to the realization of your formula, expenditures from earnings for modernizing plant facilities be given due consideration? In the steel industry, for example, investment out of earnings in order to cheapen productive processes, as distinguished from mere expanding of facilities, are made by the U. S. Steel Corporation and the independents have to follow suit. Examination of the book value of steel companies, their earnings and the price of their common stock leads to the conclusion that the public gets a good deal of the benefit. This represents an element which Messrs. Foster and Catchings seem to neglect in Profits. It results in an immediate increase of money in the hands of consumers because it is expended for goods and services used in building structures and machines, and it contributes to lower prices.

Washington, D. C. JAMES SPEAR TAYLOR.

[To answer Mr. Taylor briefly:

1. Extra consumption leading to more production does not necessarily increase the purchasing power of wage-earners employed in production. Increases in production may be, and we believe have been between 1923 and 1925, achieved mainly through increased technical efficiency without greater volume of employment or larger payrolls. See the index of payrolls in factories published in the Federal Reserve Bulletin, which shows smaller wage-payments in 1925 than in 1923.

2. Instalment purchases may furnish an incentive to individuals to gain larger incomes; but how effective is such a wish in the case of the great mass of workers dependent on the general state of industry for their earning power?

3. We do not argue that over-extended instalment buying has any greater danger than overstocking of commodities or reduced farm purchasing power. It is a factor of danger very similar to these, which have been damaging at times in the past.

4. A list of prices that should be lowered and wages that should be raised would no doubt be useful, but is a task beyond our resources or space. We can judge merely from general indices of the cost of living and wage-earnings, which do not indicate any average reduction in prices to retail consumers or gain in wage-payments on the whole, such that the purchasing power of industrial workers has perceptibly increased in the past two years.

5. Capital expenditures to decrease production cost are of course desirable, but do not affect our argument until they appear in a decreased cost of living to the consumer or in higher wages.—THE EDITORS.]

Autobiography of a Fox Woman

SIR: I should like to point out to those of your readers who scatter their reading the Autobiography of a Fox Woman in the Fortieth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. There is nothing astounding or hair-raising in this simple story recited by an old Indian woman, but it is unique, fresh, and could not have been imagined, and being recorded principally for its interest as an example of Fox dialect it has not been refined or beautified by alteration in expression.

Guinea Mills, Va. WILLIAM SHEPARD.

Contributors

R. H. TAWNEY, English economist, is the author of The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century, English Economic History, Studies in the Minimum Wage, and other books. In 1919 he served on the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education.

GEORGE H. DILLON, an undergraduate in the University of Chicago, is an associate editor of Poetry.

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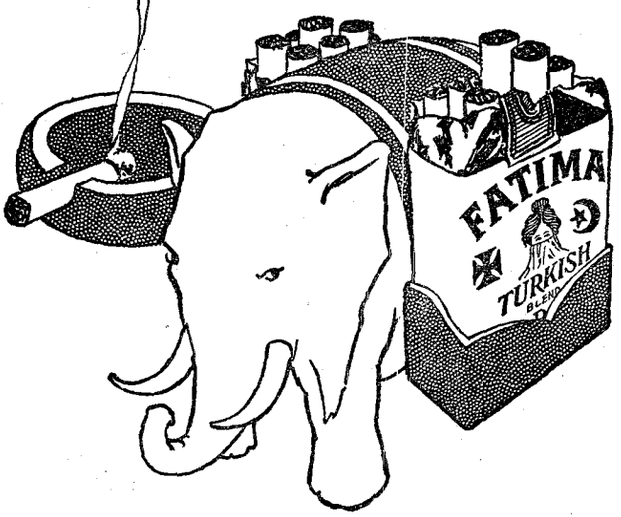

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The New
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Second Spring Literary Section

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Downfall or Renewal?

The Decline of the West: Form and Actuality, by Oswald Spengler. Authorized translation with notes by Charles Francis Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 443 pages. $6.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST is one of the most capable attempts to order the annals of history since Auguste Comte. It is audacious, profound, crotchety, absurd, exciting and magnificent.

Spengler has studied not merely the philosophy of history, but the form of civilizations. The ordinary historian is a mere examiner and recorder of the existing body of fact. How he arranges his data is largely a matter of taste, party sympathies, political affiliations, religious interests and metaphysical preconceptions which he hides under an ostentatious cloak of "objectivity." Spengler, on the other hand, has searched for a life-cycle in cultures, comparable to those we discover in plants and animals; his task is to build up, as the biologist would say, a "morphology" and an "ontogeny" of history. It follows that he rejects the mechanistic hypothesis Henry Adams sadly fumbled around with. The history of living organisms, according to Spengler, cannot be described by formulæ which apply only to quantitative relations: the method of history is "sympathy, observation, comparison, immediate and inward certainty, intellectual flair." History is the moving imprint of man's life: to think historically is to place oneself at the centre of this movement. In this, Croce, Bergson, Faure and Spengler are philosophically at one. Spengler has the specific "flair" for history to an extraordinary degree.

In The Decline of the West, Spengler divides the main Western cultures into three groups: the classic, Apollinian culture of Greece and Rome, the Magian culture of the Jewish, Christian and Arabic communities which began to grow up in the first centuries of the Christian era, and finally, the Faustian culture of Northern Europe, which takes its rise around 900 A. D. with the appearance of Romanesque architecture.

Each of these cultures for Spengler has a characteristic "style," expressed equally in its mathematics, its architecture, its literature, its philosophy and its common categories of thought and feeling. Classic culture is Euclidean: it moves in a realm of solid, bounded objects: it lives in the immediate: it lacks perspective and distance: it remains in the open noonday of the foreground. The Magian culture is algebraic: in mathematics, it supplants the geometric figure with the symbol: in decoration it abolishes the human body and invents the arabesque: in architecture it creates the dome, with its spiritual interior, which was

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lacking in the Greek temple. Faustian culture is analytic: it is concerned, not with the fixed form, but with the variable function. It opens up vast perspectives in time and space: it eventuates in the Copernican universe, in the printing press, which establishes communication at a distance, in practical and scientific discovery, in the application of perspective to painting, in the transformation of the classic "perpetual present" into a moving point between the past and the future. Faustian culture alone has a sentiment of history. The plays of Shakespeare and the portraits of Rembrandt both present characters with a past, that may be read, and a destiny, that may be divined. The classic face is vacant: it indicates neither past nor future. In the classic tragedy, the hero undergoes a senseless external affliction. In Faustian art, the face is a biography, and the tragedy comes from within: it shows a Lear and a Hamlet, not an Orestes and an Œdipus. Its style moves toward the evening and the lonely infinity of night.

This is a rude summary of a thesis that Spengler works out with a vast apparatus of allusion and comparison, derived from a training which embraced mathematics, history and philosophy, and a life which, since he grew up in Germany, almost inevitably included music. He opens perspectives that take the breath away, and he strikes a plummet into abysses the conventional historian, with his prudent spade and his limited measuring-stick, never approaches. For Spengler, history is not the "has become," but the becoming. This is how he differentiates his method from that of the "scientific" historian:

> True science reaches just as far as the notions of truth and falsity have validity: this applies to mathematics, and it applies also to the science of historical spade-work, viz., the collection, ordering and sifting of material. But real historical vision . . . belongs to the domain of significances, in which the crucial words are not "correct" and "erroneous," but "deep" and "shallow." The true physicist is not deep, but *keen;* it is only when he leaves the domain of working hypotheses and brushes against the final things that he can be deep, but at this stage he is already a metaphysician. Nature is to be handled scientifically, History poetically. Old Leopold von Ranke is credited with the remark that, after all, Scott's Quentin Durward was the true history-writing. And so it is: the advantage of a good history book is that it enables the reader to be his own Scott.

The comparative study of the three great Western cultures is only one part of Spengler's thesis: in his own special vocabulary it deals with "physiognomy." The other part is his theory of cultural cycles: this treats of the destiny which each culture works out in its typical and yet individual way, through its spring, summer, autumn and winter phases. In a somewhat more concrete fashion Spengler's vision of cultural development was put with sardonic brevity many years ago by Prof. Patrick Geddes, in his summary of city-development, from Babylon to New York. Polis: metropolis: megalopolis: parasitopolis: patholopolis: necropolis. Spengler's characterization of these stages is brilliant, and I think, sound. Moreover, it gives a final blow to the two misconceptions of history that guided the nineteenth century: one, that history is a continuous linear development, rising from the depths of Akhnaton or Pericles to the sublimities of Mr. Gladstone and President McKinley; the other, the notion that history comes to a head in Europe—a view that relegates the great civilizations of Peru and Central America, to say nothing of India, China and Japan, into incidental phases of mankind's life, unimportant because they did eventuate in Europe, or at least produce the forms that are characteristic of modern western civilization. Spengler wipes out this naïve provincialism with regard to time—the illusion of progress—and to space—the illusion of position. This is a genuine achievement.

Spengler commits one further offense against the bias of the present age. He writes consciously as one living in the autumnal phase of "Faustian civilization," when, according to him, no fresh impulse is possible, but only a pushing to conclusion in thought of what has already flowered spontaneously in the happier days of culture. This is an unforgivable insult to the egotism of the autumnal man, proud of the sterile complexities of his Gross-stadtischer Kultur, and thoroughly convinced that the routine of a world-capital like London, Berlin or New York, with its symphony concerts and its museums, its refinements in surgery and dentistry, its brittle triumphs in engineering and business technique is the essence of a "life abundant." Spengler points out, on the contrary, that these various institutions indicate clearly that the cultural phase has come to an end, and the tides of life are receding.

> In place of a world, there is a city, a point, in which the whole life of broad regions is collecting while the rest dries up. In place of a type-true people, born of and grown on the soil, there is a new sort of nomad, cohering unstably in fluid masses, the parasitical city dweller, traditionless, utterly matter-of-fact, religionless, clever, unfruitful, deeply contemptuous of the countryman, and especially that highest form of countryman, the country gentleman. This is a very great stride toward the inorganic, toward the end.

In short, each culture begins, so to say, with a child, and ends with a mummy. In a mummified state, reproducing mechanically the arts, the patterns, the forms they had once been able freshly to create, the old cultures of India and China have lived on for more than a thousand years. This, perhaps, is the destiny of modern civilization.

What shall we say of Spengler's views? His feeling for history is magnificent, and it is easier to catch him up on points of detail than to alter his outlines and perspectives. The sources of his weakness are pretty obvious: once one generalizes the facts of history into a finished picture, one runs the risk of delivering further generalizations by a Cæsarean operation, at the sacrifice of the facts that bore them. So Spengler, following a true intuition about the relative importance of time in classic culture and our own, deliberately ignores the Greek epitaph, the Greek tombstone, the ephebic oath, the cult of the vestals, the reconsecration of temple sites—all of which were classical modes of perpetuation. Again: Spengler tends to attribute to each culture a more than Euclidean completeness: not merely will he have it that each culture develops its own type of mathematic, its own drama, its own form of the state: he also insists that other cultures can scarcely comprehend, much less assimilate, these things. He writes as though the difference between Apollinian and Faustian man were a difference of species, instead of what it really is, a difference of mode. These defects, however, are caricatures of Spengler's virtues: his deep insight, his fine sympathies. They are like his Teufelsdröckhian dialect, his intellectual bad manners, his complacent Germanism: one allows for them, and still retains one's respect.

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As criticism and interpretation The Decline of the West, with all its errors and lapses, seems to me a work of the first importance. But a book is not merely a reflection of its "subject": it is also an unconscious reflection of the world in which the subject took form; and the book before us is full of the world-weariness and the arrogance of that very megalopolitan civilization which Spengler so plainly detests. Understanding history, living history, Spengler wants to complete history. "I can only hope," he says in his introduction, "that the men of the new generation may be moved by this book to devote themselves to technics instead of lyrics, the sea instead of the paint-brush, and politics instead of epistemology." In other words: he wants to see his hypothesis pragmatically justified. Among other things, he has written an apology for brutality and for impotence.

It is at this point that I feel Spengler's insight has failed him. The very historic sense which, as he rightly points out, distinguishes the modern world is precisely a new element in the working out of cultures. Possessing it, we may keep ourselves from sinking into the living death of a megalopolitan civilization. I am quite ready, for one, to grant that we have reached the final stage. "But where do we go from here?" There is nothing, on Spengler's hypothesis, to prevent another culture from growing up anew, as the grass and trees spring up through the hard pavements and the rigid buildings of a dead city. The curse of all previous final states is that they have been replaced by vigorous but abject barbarisms. May we not, perhaps for the first time, make the transposition consciously, from a finished civilization to a new and budding culture? May we not retain a little of our painfully acquired technique, whilst we renew the life, without which that technique is so empty and sterile?

Our destiny is in the balance. There are forces that are working towards an extension of megalopolitanism, toward a more rigid, mechanical and finally destructive form of civilization, with its congested cities, its vast slum proletariat, its conflicting imperialisms, its promise of an internecine warfare, organized with the most precise applications of science, and unrestrained by any deep life-sense, in which whole populations will commit suicide and murder on a scale beside which the recent War will be little more than a gang-fight. On the other hand, the roots of a provincial culture are always alive, and the recent rise of "nationalism" and "regionalism" in Europe is evidence of an effort to break away from these deadly megalopolitan forms. The two voices speak with a clear contrast in A. E.'s poetic dialogue, The Interpreters; and he whose ears are open will hear them everywhere. The rebirth of languages and dialects and literatures, the growth of cultural ideas of education, as distinguished from megalopolitan mass-instruction, the conception of regional *development* and garden-cities, as opposed to national *expansion* and megalopolitan congestion—these things show that we are at a parting of the ways; and they explain why so many of the old issues, political and social, are dead. If we seize our destiny, we may pass through a short "open" winter, and emerge again into spring. If we continue to follow it mechanically, inertly, in the world-weary mood of so many of our contemporaries, who live, if at all, on dead hopes and mouldy panaceas; if we give ourselves over to technique, matter-of-fact, spiritual hardness, glorification of what is—then, probably, there will be no spring. Spengler's great work enables us to see more clearly the nature of these alternatives.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Professor of Life

The Letters of Walter Raleigh, edited by Lady Raleigh. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. 569 pages. $7.

ON a certain Wednesday in March 1889 Walter Raleigh, then aged twenty-eight, gave his first lecture upon English literature in Manchester. It was not his first lecture by any means, for he had already lectured the natives of India upon the same subject for two years. After Manchester came Liverpool; after Liverpool, Glasgow; after Glasgow, Oxford. At all these places he lectured incessantly upon English literature. Once he lectured three times a day. He became, indeed, such an adept at the art of lecturing that towards the end "sometimes he would prepare what he had to say in his half-hour's walk from his home in Ferry Hinksey." People who heard him say that his lectures stimulated them, opened their eyes, made them think for themselves. "'Raleigh's not always at his best, but when he's good nobody can touch him'—that was the general verdict." Nevertheless, in the course of two large volumes filled with delightful and often brilliant letters it would be difficult to find a single remark of any interest whatsoever about English literature.

There is necessarily a great deal of talk about the profession of teaching literature, and the profession of writing literary text books, of "doing Chaucer in six chapters and Wordsworth, better known as Daddy, also in six chapters." But when one looks for the unprofessional talk, the talk among friends when business hours are over, one is bewildered and disappointed. Is this all that the Professor of English literature has to say? "Scott tomorrow—not a poet I think but fine old man. Good old Scott." "The weak point in William [Blake] is not his Reason, which is A. 1., but his imagination . . . Wonderful things the inspired old bustard said from time to time in conversation." "As for old Bill Wordsworth he is the same old stick-in-the-mud as ever . . . He gets praised chiefly for his celebrated imitation of Shakespeare (which is really very good) and for his admirable reproduction of a bleat. But he has a turn of his own, if only he would do it and be damned to him." Any clever man at a dinner party anxious not to scare the rowing blue or the city magnate who happens to be within earshot would have talked about books exactly as Raleigh wrote about them at his leisure. There is nothing to suggest that literature was a matter of profound interest to him when he was not lecturing about it.

But when we read the letters of Keats, the diary of the Goncourts, the letters of Lamb, the casual remarks of that unfashionable poet Tennyson, we feel that, sleeping or waking, these men never stopped thinking about literature. It is kneaded into the stuff of their brains. Their fingers are dyed in it. Whatever they touch is stained with it. Whatever they are doing their minds fill up involuntarily with some aspect of the absorbing subject. Nor does it seem to have occurred to them to wonder what the rowing blue will think of them for talking seriously about books. "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts and appear almost a remembrance," wrote Keats; and there is not a damn in the sentence. But the Professor of English literature could scarcely open his lips without dropping into slang; he could never mention Bill Blake or Bill Shakespeare or old Bill Wordsworth without seeming to apologize for bringing books into the talk at all. Yet there is no doubt that Walter Raleigh was

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one of the best Professors of Literature of our time; he did brilliantly whatever it is that professors are supposed to do. How then shall we compose the difference—solve the discrepancy?

In the first place the Professor of English literature is not there to teach people how to write; he is there to teach them how to read. Moreover these people include city magnates, rowing blues, politicians, schoolmistresses, soldiers, scientists, mothers of families, country clergymen in embryo. Many of them have never opened a book before. Many will seldom get a chance of opening a book again. They have to be taught—but what? Raleigh himself had no doubt upon this point. His business was "only to get people to love the poets." "To make people old or young," he wrote, "care for, say, the principal English poets as much or half as much as I do—that would, I am vain enough to think, be something—if it can be done." He obstinately refused to stuff his pupils with facts. "The facts, it is true, tell in examinations. But you will none of you be any nearer Heaven ten years hence for having taken a B. A. degree, while for a love and understanding of Keats you may raise yourself several inches." He had himself spent no time scraping away the moss, repairing the broken noses on the fabric of English literature; and he did not press that pursuit upon his pupils. He talked his lectures almost out of his head, he joked, he told stories. He made the undergraduates rock with laughter. He drew them in crowds to his lecture room. And they went away loving something or other. Perhaps it was Keats. Perhaps it was the British Empire. Certainly it was Walter Raleigh. But we should be much surprised if anybody went away loving poetry, loving the art of letters.

Nor is it difficult to find the reason. It is written large over Walter Raleigh's books—the English Novel, Style, Shakespeare and the rest. They have every virtue; they are readable, just, acute, stimulating and packed with information; as firm in style and hard in substance as a macadamized road. But the man who wrote them had no generous share of the gifts of a writer. The maker of these rather tight, highly academic books had never been outside the critical fence. No novel, no poem, no play had ever lured him away from his prefaces and summings up and surveys. The excitement, the turmoil, the adventure of creation were unknown to him. But the critic who makes us love poetry is always sufficiently gifted to have had experiences of his own. He feels his way along the lines spun by his own failures and successes. He may stumble, he may stammer; he may be incapable of orderly survey. But it is the Keats, the Coleridge, the Lamb, the Flaubert, who gets to the heart of the matter. It is in the toil and strife of writing that they have forced the door open and gone within and told us what they have seen there. When Walter Raleigh held a pen in his hand it behaved with the utmost propriety. He never wrote a bad sentence, but he never wrote a sentence which broke down barriers. He never pressed on over the ruins of his own culture to the discovery of something better. He remained trim and detached on the high road, a perfect example of the professor who has no influence whatever upon the art of writing. Soon, therefore, for he was by temperament highly adventurous, he began to find literature a little dull. He began to separate literature from life. He began to cry out upon "culture" and "culture bugs." He began to find the universities full of "bottled men gone putrid." He began to despise critics and criticism. "I can't help feeling that critical admiration for what another man has written is an emotion for spinsters," he wrote. He really believed, he said, not "in refinement and scholarly elegance, those are only a game; but in blood feuds, and the chase of wild beasts and marriage by capture." In short, being incapable of humbug, a man of entire sincerity and splendid vitality, Walter Raleigh ceased to profess literature and became instead a Professor of Life.

There is ample evidence in the letters alone that he had a remarkable aptitude for this branch of learning. He seems never to have been bored, never to have been doubtful, never to have been sentimental. He laid hold on things with enviable directness. The whole force of his being seems to have played spontaneously upon whatever it wished and yet to have been controlled by an unerring sense that some things matter and some things do not. His equilibrium was perfect. Whether he was set down in India or in Oxford, among the simple or the learned, the aristocrats or the Dons, he found his balance at once and got the utmost out of the situation. It is easy to imagine the race and flash of his talk, and what fine unexpected things he said, and what pinnacles of fun he raised, and how for all his extravagance and irresponsibility the world that his wit lit up was held steady by his fundamental sanity and good sense. He was the most enchanting of companions—on that all are agreed.

But the difficulty remained. Once make the fatal distinction between life and letters, once exalt life and find literature an occupation for old maids and, inevitably, if one is Walter Raleigh, one becomes discontented with mere praise. Professors must talk, but the lover of life must live. Unfortunately life, in the sense of "blood feuds, and the chase of wild beasts, and marriage by capture" was hard to come by in the last years of the nineteenth century with Victoria on the throne, Lord Salisbury in power and the British Empire growing daily more robust. A breath of fresh air blew in with the Boer War. Raleigh hailed it with a shout of relief. " . . . the British officer (and man) restores one's joy in the race," he said. He was coming to feel that there is some close connection between writing and fighting, that in an age like his when the fighter did not write and the writer did not fight the divorce was unfortunate—especially for literature. "Were it not better to seek training on a battlefield, and use the first words one learns at mess?" he asked. All his sympathies were tending towards action. He was growing more and more tired of culture and criticism, more definitely of opinion that "the learned critic is a beast," that "Education has taken the fine bloom off the writing of books" less and less attracted by writing at all, until finally, in 1913, he burst out that he "can't read Shakespeare any more . . . Not that I think him a bad author particularly," he adds, "but I can't bear literature." When the guns fired in August 1914, no one saluted them more rapturously than the Professor of English literature at Oxford. "The air is better to breathe than it has been for years," he exclaimed. "I'm glad I lived to see it, and sick that I'm not in it."

It seemed indeed as if his chance of life had come too late. He still seemed fated to praise fighting but not to fight, to lecture about life but not to live. He did what a man of his age could do. He drilled. He marched. He wrote pamphlets. He lectured more frequently than ever; he practically ceased to read. At length he was made historian of the Air Force. To his infinite satisfaction he consorted with soldiers. To his immense delight he flew to Bagdad. He died within a week or two of his return. But did that matter? The Professor of English literature had lived at last.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

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The New Negro

The New Negro: an Interpretation. Edited by Alain Locke. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 446 pages. $5.

The Weary Blues, by Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 109 pages. $2.

IN a very able final chapter of this book called The Negro Mind Reaches Out, W. E. DuBois—of the out-reaching and caustic mind—recalls that twenty-five years ago a conference of friends of the Negro met at Lake Mohonk to discuss his problems *without a single Negro present.* That even later, great magazines published symposiums on the Negro Problem *without inviting a single Negro to participate.* How different the situation today. In March 1925, The Survey-Graphic published a Harlem number which aroused extraordinary interest among white Americans who do not keep up with Negro progress through such papers as Crisis and Opportunity: for it revealed beyond a doubt that the American Negro has a voice and can speak for himself. That Survey number, generously enlarged and revised, is the nucleus of The New Negro. The significance of the volume is not only that it presents for the first time a self-conscious and comprehensive formulation and a selection from the contributions of the American Negro, but that it presents these contributions creatively, as the flowering of a race spirit which is at last recognizing its power to enrich human and American life. The scattered Negro groups of the world are still largely inchoate and inexpressive, but those one hundred and fifty millions, with their voiceless woes, are finding slowly, as DuBois says, "a thoughtful leadership in the United States"—in New York, in Harlem, among such publicists, editors, story tellers, poets, musicians, educators as speak for themselves and their race in these pages.

The sociologist, the philanthropist and the race leader are not unaware of the new Negro, says Alain Locke, the editor, but they are at a loss to account for him, because he "cannot be swathed in their formulæ." The old Negro was a creature of moral debate, a stock figure in fiction, a formula—something to be "kept down," "helped up," "a social bogey or a social burden." The thinking Negro has almost shared the same attitude. "His shadow has been more real to him than his personality"—a telling phrase. But while the minds of black and white have burrowed into the trenches of the Civil War and what followed, the Negro population has actually shifted. It has migrated northward, midwestward, eastward, and cityward to the great centres of industry so that the "problem" is no longer exclusively or even predominantly Southern, but a part of the social problem of an industrial democracy. "With each successive wave the movement of the Negro becomes more and more a mass movement toward the larger and more democratic chance"—a deliberate flight "from countryside to city," "from mediæval America to modern."

The most striking result is Harlem, where we have the largest Negro community in the world and the first concentration of all the diverse elements of Negro life from every clime, class and profession; Harlem where a Negro newspaper carrying news material in English, French and Spanish from every part of America, the West Indies and Africa, has maintained itself for over five years. The bond between American Negroes heretofore has been a common condition; in Ha[illegible], this Negro Zion, they are arriving at group expression and self-determination. "It is—or promises at least to be—a race capital." This deep feeling of race is at present the mainspring of Negro life. The new group psychology resents the consideration of the Negro as a social ward or minor; as "the sick man of American Democracy." It demands less charity and more justice; less help and more understanding. The great social and æsthetic gain is the "releasing of the talented group from the arid fields of controversy and debate to the productive fields of creative expression."

Locke's chapter and two others on Negro Art and Negro Literature introduces a series of selections from Young Negro poetry, fiction and drama. Here in fiction we have — amongst others less known — Rudolph Fisher, Jean Toomer, Eric Walrond; in poetry—again amongst others —Countée Cullen, Langston Hughes; in drama Willis Richardson. These selections from the Negro literature which have suddenly come to fame in the last three years are markedly different both from the instinctive folk art of the early days and from the rhetorical and imitative Negro works of the Reconstruction period. "Our poets have now stopped speaking for the Negro—they speak as Negroes." They "no longer have the hard choice between an over-assertive and an appealing attitude." They are objective; they stand firmly on their spiritual feet, yet they also speak from an almost "classic" background of common experience to which a tragic social pressure has given a deep intensity.

This matter of common background of feeling is one of the points—the great point as illustrated here—where the young Negro realist "puts it over" on the young white realist. The new Negro generation *is* realistic, even expressionistic. It has, like all young America, replaced moralism and idealism with satire and irony. But, in contrast to what one might call the Mercurial or Main Street School, it is not so hard-boiled, literal and metallic that it cannot also be simple, sensuous and passionate, to an almost biblical degree; that it cannot also indulge its nostalgia for color, rhythm, warmth and beauty. The charm of Jean Toomer's Cane, which is the outstanding artistic performance of the young Negro in prose, is that he has joined to the bitter objective truths of the Georgia earth and expressed through his style a kind of folk music, folk ecstasy. So Langston Hughes, that youngest and freest and perhaps most happily gifted of Negro poetic adventurers, whose volume The Weary Blues followed hard on the selected poems in The New Negro is colloquial, casual, yet fervent and lyrical in the manner of his race.

> It's an earth song,
> A body song;
> A spring song,
> I have been waiting long for this spring song.

Chapters on the spirituals and on jazz, on Negro folk stories and ancestral arts complete Part I. Part II deals with The New Negro in a New World. Here we have suggestive chapters by leading educators like Robert R. Moton, by white students of the Negro like Paul Kellogg, by Charles S. Johnson, editor of Opportunity, and James Weldon Johnson, one of the most notable prophets of the Negro generation that has discarded the harsh philosophy of race hatred. The volume as a whole, thoughtful and "solid" though it is, sounds a sort of processional, brilliant and vibrant note; even DuBois raises a flag of hope. And as we see the leaders marching by in Weinold Reiss's presentment, those I have named and the others like Paul Robeson, Elise McDougald and many more,

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we feel like cheering. For we realize that American Negroes are indeed rich in gifts and origins, though here they have pooled their gifts and made their basic origin a key to the future. The book may well be an historical landmark: in the year 1925-26 certain things began to happen on the American stage, in American music, in American literature, which had been only foreshadowed before. In the year 1925-26 there appeared a book of propaganda of a higher sort which to the open-minded white man, especially the white artist, was a revelation and a hope. Just where the hope will lead the next Negro anthology will perhaps tell—to the place where marginal interpretation is not necessary? Race is here the basis of renascence. But Melville J. Herskovits, an anthropological commentator, says that the proudest boast of the Negro writer is that he writes of humans, not of Negroes.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Woodrow Wilson

The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson, by James Kerney. New York: The Century Company. 503 pages. $4.

A GOOD journalist has many of the qualifications needed by a good biographer. He is of necessity realistic in his thinking, if not always in his writing. He meets all sorts and conditions of people. He knows their substance—their grand ambitions and their petty designs. He has few delusions. He combines some of the tearful sympathy of the family doctor with the merciless chill of the expert diagnostician. Frequently deceived, lied to and lied about, he is always looking right and left for dangerous pitfalls. Finally, the exigencies of his craft compel him to write the language of life—the vernacular. Mr. James Kerney, editor and publisher of the Trenton Evening Times, is unquestionably an able journalist and he has written a story of Woodrow Wilson's public life, which all persons surfeited by adulation and malignity will read with delight and genuine profit. Besides being prepared by training, temper and trade for the task, Mr. Kerney had the peculiar advantage of knowing the late President intimately during his public career.

The opening chapters draw a picture of Doctor Wilson before his appearance upon the political stage. In those days, says Mr. Kerney, "Wilson was known to entertain liberal views in excise matters, he was opposed to the radcals and he favored party organizations. . . . Wilson, too, was a conservative of a very safe kind. Wilson had been preaching against the 'foolishness' of woman-suffrage and saying a kind word for political organizations as well as corporations." He had declared that the attempts at federal regulation of corporations were based on a theory "compounded of confused thinking and impossible principles of law." He had ascribed the financial panic of 1907 to "the aggressive attitude of legislation toward the railroads." In 1909 he had exclaimed: "I am a fierce partisan of the Open Shop and of everything that makes for individual liberty." He had branded Bryan as "foolish and dangerous in his theoretical beliefs." Such, according to Mr. Kerney, was the scholar in politics picked by the big boss of New Jersey, James Smith, Jr.—a gentleman of the old school who "gathered funds from the big railroad and utility corporations," entertained lavishly, gave to charities and mourned at a funeral every day.

Having drawn this picture, Mr. Kerney, with the same air of interested detachment, tells how the conservative professor, once entrenched in power, repudiated the bosses who picked him, made himself master of the scene and in a short time turned into "a two-fisted radical." Apart from a few months dedicated to the New Jersey program of "radical" legislation—a direct primary law and the corporation bills—Mr. Wilson devoted his term as Governor to the business of winning the Presidency. While on that campaign, he encountered opposition to his new radicalism and was compelled to take in sail to avoid an upset. His friends in Virginia grew alarmed over his advocacy of the initiative, referendum and recall in the West, and so he wrote them a letter for local consumption, saying that "where opinion already controls, where there is now actual, genuine representative government, as I believe there is in Virginia and in the South in general, they are not necessary. Each state must judge for itself." According to Mr. Kerney, Governor Wilson was "reluctant to surrender, but heeded the advice of his managers and never again returned to advocacy of the measures." In a divided, hesitant, confused democracy, the Presidential candidate had to pick his way with the customary caution.

Having described the great combination of "passion and chance" which lifted Governor Wilson to the goal of his ambition, Mr. Kerney reviews the appointments and policies of the President, throwing a new and intimate light upon all the significant episodes. The campaign for reëlection, the war plunge, war politics, the peace battle and the closing days are brought under scrutiny, discussed frankly and illuminated by the revelations of first-hand knowledge. Nothing is omitted. The affair of Grayson, "the Admiral of the Boudoir," the troubles with Page, the controversy over Roosevelt's project for a grand personal assault on the Hindenburg line, General Wood's ambitions, General Pershing's qualities and deeds, the Hon. W. C. Redfield's whiskers. Clemenceau's policies and tempers and everything else in the crowded drama receive consideration here. All the batteries of opinion that thundered at the harassed President are unmasked. If Morgan's partners and agents take a hand in directing economic contacts abroad, the domestic radicals insist on being heard about the other side of the business. After telling the President that "powerful criminals go unwhipped by the law," Mr. George L. Record calls his attention to the fact that "our courts send to prison for long terms poor, weak socialists, who have been driven into intemperate speech." Things had varied aspects. "The first loan of two hundred millions advanced [to England] by this government was immediately turned over to the Morgan House on account," and President Wilson declared that he had a great, almost reckless, enthusiasm for "human liberty." If, however, the President made adjustments upon occasion, he also had "a fierce and unlovely side," a fighting passion which, when aroused, spared no one, made no concessions and cut down friends as well as foes. The course of many events was turned by [illegible] personal proclivity. Still he was not without h[illegible] the last days of his painful illness he recite[illegible]erney with glee the grand lines about the [illegible]rmed Kabotchiks:

> I come [illegible]d Boston,
> The home of the bean and the cod,
> Where the Lodges can't speak to the Cabots,
> 'Cause the Cabots speak Yiddish begod.

When Mr. Kerney paid his last visit to Washington, Mr. Wilson appeared distressed about the way Democrats were "abandoning liberal principles" and trying to get their income taxes down. I[illegible] great shadow he was hunger-

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ing for "the leadership of the liberal thought of the world."

In passing, Mr. Kerney illuminates also the political process. Frederick C. Penfield, "who had married the largest property owner in Philadelphia . . . made a contribution to McCombs and was later appointed ambassador to Austria." Henry Morgenthau, after hearing Governor Wilson deliver "an inspiring address on the Jews," came forward and "agreed to subscribe four thousand dollars a month to the cause" of winning the Presidency for Wilson. Later Mr. Morgenthau was made ambassador to Turkey. William G. Sharp, "formerly congressman and manufacturer of wood alcohol at Elyria, Ohio, who had been a liberal contributor to the campaign fund, was . . . made ambassador to France." And so under "the New Freedom" things went somewhat along customary lines in many respects.

Beyond all question, Mr. Kerney has written the best book on President Wilson that has yet appeared. In his friendship and in his admiration for great qualities, he keeps his balance. He is realistic and sympathetic. But he does not want to delude himself or his readers. Every college student in America ought to be compelled to read this volume in connection with his course on Politics. Anybody who wants to know "the great game" should study Mr. Kerney's remarkable work from lid to lid. Finally, all and sundry, high and low, who fain would understand the temper and tactics of Woodrow Wilson, his principles and policies, the medium in which he worked and the history of his troubled age must master this impressive human document.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Voices That Beautify the Land

American Indian Love Lyrics, and Other Verse, from the Songs of the North American Indians, selected by Nellie Barnes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 190 pages. $1.75.

Dawn Boy, Blackfoot and Navajo Songs, by Eda Lou Walton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 82 pages. $2.50.

Anthology of Ancient Egyptian Poems, compiled by C. Elissa Sharpley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 91 pages. $1.50.

MISS BARNES'S valuable book is a compilation made from such standard sources as the publications of the American Museum of Natural History, the American Folk Lore Society and the Bureau of American Ethnology. The author's essay on Poetic Forms in American Indian Lyrics, which forms the second part of the volume, lends it the paraphernalia of scholarship, but does little to enhance the reader's pleasure in these songs. Miss Barnes's disquisition on what she calls "thought-movement" and "thought-rhythm" contains much that is familiar to the technician in verse, and needs, for the layman, an abundance of illustrative material, which is wanting in her exposition. The bibliography contained in the Notes is excellent.

In the conclusion of her essay, Miss Barnes recalls Mrs. Austin's thesis that "there are elemental laws at work determining lyric rhythms, laws we must seek behind the poetic impulse. One law is that poetic art, as all other arts, shall be rooted fast in the physical surroundings which temper the race." Putting aside the matter of rhythm, which cannot be fairly gauged in a translation, and especially in poems intended for the eye rather than the ear, one must acknowledge that the charm and power of these lyrics is grounded in their reference to the natural forces with which primitive peoples are in such intimate relation. The winds and the rains, the mountains and streams, the curtains of light and darkness, the ordered seasons, the earth that nourishes man and that receives the worn husk of him in the end—it is to these august and austere presences that the Indian and his songs are attuned. Especially for men who are condemned by our unassimilated mechanical culture to accept a scheme of things that ignores the roots and ends of life, these strong songs are a refreshment and a stimulus, a reminder of a cosmos somewhat taller than the Woolworth Building, a summons to an outlook that is not bounded by a gas-tank, a glue factory, a bank and a public library.

Some of the finest examples of Indian lyrics are those which accompany ceremonial dances, and which, by reason of their ritual repetitions, are too long to quote. These repetitions are undoubtedly wearisome in certain instances, especially where there is no accompanying melody. But that there is something to be gained by this monotonous insistence is proven by another little book of Indian songs recently assembled by Eda Lou Walton.

Miss Walton's volume is something more than a compilation—and something less. She has tried to interpret, to re-create, to reduce and intensify for the sophisticated reader, certain lyric elements of Blackfoot and Navajo legend and ritual. In the case of the Blackfoot Songs she has been particularly free—condensing into a brief bit of original verse the substance of some of their tales and myths. Not a few of these are quick with humor, like the charming Thunder's Wives:

> Thunder had ten wives
> To plow the sky in line,
> He sold one for medicine,
> Then there were nine.
> Now when these nine wives quarrel
> Thunder roars out loud
> For them all to go back to work
> And get those furrows plowed.

But delightful as they may be, after their fashion, it is too obviously Miss Walton's intonation that we catch—not the Indian's. In the case of the Navajo Ceremonial Songs particularly, one feels that the lightening and tightening of the verse is gratuitous, and the personality of the interpreter intrusive. Contrast, for example, the following poem, taken from Miss Barnes's collection, with Miss Walton's version:

> The voice that beautifies the land!
> The voice above,
> The voice of thunder,
> Among the dark clouds
> Again and again it sounds,
> The voice that beautifies the land.
>
> The voice that beautifies the land!
> The voice below,
> The voice of the grasshopper,
> Among the flowers and grasses
> Again and again it sounds,
> The voice that beautifies the land.

And thus Miss Walton:

> Voice above,
> Voice of Thunder,

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Speak from the dark of clouds;
Voice below,
Grasshopper voice,
Speak from the green of plants;
So may the earth be beautiful.

The latter is more concise, perhaps more pointed, but what it gains in terseness it loses, somehow, in authority.

It is interesting to compare and contrast these Indian songs with the pyramid texts contained in the little Anthology of Ancient Egyptian Poems. One finds some likenesses, in structure and content. One finds more differences. The ceremonial songs of the Indians have a quality not present in the Egyptian religious songs. The Indian invokes his God, he supplicates Him, he conjures Him with magic rites—he does not reduce Deity by giving It the attributes of a human overlord. "Atum, maker of men . . . listening to the poor who is in distress. . . . Deliverer of the timid man from the violent. . . . Lord of wisdom. . . . Lord of mercy most loving. . . . " It is not thus that the Indian addresses his Divinity. The Egyptian songs are much closer than the Indian to our own literature, as it stems from the Hebrew Scriptures. The lament of Ecclesiastes, the instructions of Solomon, the exaltation of David, are all here, in essence, in the hymns of old Egypt. It is unfortunate that the precious little book which contains these excerpts is so unprepossessing in appearance, and that the accompanying Note lacks the precision and intelligence displayed in the commentaries of Miss Walton and Miss Barnes.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Nearer My God to Thee

Cosmic Evolution, by John Elof Boodin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 484 pages. $3.50.

FROM the very start, philosophy has had a difficult time emancipating itself from religion. No sooner is religion thrown out through the window—philosophically speaking—than it reënters boldly by the door. And no sooner is it politely bowed out at the door, than it quite unceremoniously crawls back through the window. Religion is never content to stay in its own legitimate house.

In Professor Boodin's very splendid work, God masquerades most of the time as the Creative Genius of the Cosmos. By arguments which are, I think, wholly insufficient, he seeks to prove that God is an indispensable controlling agent of the Cosmos; that without Him, instead of a Cosmos we would have a Chaos—and all that it involves: discord, ugliness, evil, ultimate frustration of all spiritual goods. He marshalls in a masterly and instructive way the general results of orthodox and relativistic physics, the results of chemistry, biology, psychology, metaphysics, and to a certain extent, theology. All these sciences, Boodin tries to show, drive home the same fundamental fact: that the universe in which we live is a cosmos of interacting hierarchical levels; and (what is most essential for his argument) that the higher level of existence—for example, the organic over the inorganic, the minded organism over the mindless organism—controls and guides the lower level, besides furnishing it with an ideal goal. Consequently, when we consider the cosmos in its totality, there is a cosmic evolution towards the highest of all levels—the level which is none other than God who is thus (presumably) established as the Creative Genius of the Whole.

Without God, without a controlling ideal and purpose, all things would, according to Boodin, be governed by chance. There would be a chaos, not a cosmos. And of course, without all the spiritual goods a God is supposed invariably to supply. Such a chaotic, unspiritual universe is what materialistic science gives us, says Boodin. Hence in accepting the results of science, the philosopher must use a great deal of discretion. And Boodin does. But the principle of selection he discreetly employs is somewhat difficult clearly to divine.

In the first place, according to orthodox materialistic science, all things happen, not by Chance, but by Law or causal Necessity. And secondly, even if science maintained that Chance and not Law reigned in the universe, a universe so ruled would still be far removed from one in which everything existed higgledy-piggledy. Even if Chance were in the saddle, the law of Probability would be firmly on the croup. But Chance, with Boodin, is more a term of religious opprobrium than a term of philosophy or science. This is seen with startling clarity when one reads Boodin's constant reiterations that materialistic science when truly interpreted is simply magic. This—to use the stately controversial terminology of the Aristotelian Society—this is sheer nonsense. It was materialism that first freed men's minds from mythology and magic and gave them science and philosophy in their stead. And in the Roman days of Lucretius it was avowedly for precisely this value that the materialistic philosophy of ancient Greece was greatly prized. For Boodin, however, materialistic philosophy is "nasty and cheap" and also "noisy." But what if the universe is actually of such a disagreeable sort? A noble philosophy tells the nasty truth. Only an ignoble one veneers it. For it is the function of philosophy to understand and explain the universe, not to eulogize it. Boodin's emotional reactions and evaluations seriously mar his clear thinking. Undoubtedly because he feels he has an impeccable God to defend. Hence the great desirability of emancipating philosophy from religion.

Instead of Chance, Boodin would give us Teleology. Each cosmic level determines the direction and growth of the inferior, and is itself determined by the superior level, until we reach God than whom no higher level exists. This agrees in outline with orthodox Aristotelian theology. Boodin's important innovation is his doctrine of the hierarchical leveling up or evolution of the cosmic process. He thus seems to establish a coercive idealistic teleology—for God would ultimately determine all things—which is designed to supplant the materialistic doctrine of chance. But Boodin fails to recognize that the opposite of chance is necessity, and that it makes little philosophic difference whether necessity be causal or teleological—push or pull. Only on the surface is there any advantage in being pulled rather than in being pushed: when we are pulled the chances are, we feel, that we are being pulled somewhere; whereas when we are being pushed, we generally feel that we are being pushed anywhere. But this is plainly merely a crude psychological prejudice. Once the pushing begins there is only one direction of movement possible—as all with any subway experience will readily agree. Whether we are what we are because we are so causally determined by atoms; or whether we are what we are because only thus can God fulfil His infinite obscure purpose, makes little difference philosophically or practically. In either case we are unconsulted and helpless pawns in the game of life; or—should we care to view ourselves in a reassuring and dignifying way—we are in either case necessary and indispensable elements in the history and movement of the universe. How we shall feel about our state is all a matter of our point of view. But the facts are the same.

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Boodin's general statement of the evolutionary process is certainly vague enough to be, in some sense or other, possibly true. "The efficient cause of the evolutionary process" is "the creative adaptation of the stream of life to the energy patterns of the cosmic environment." Now "Life is a creative adaptation of the energies of matter under certain conditions—themselves the result of cosmic adaptation—to the energy structure of the cosmos." Hence the efficient evolutionary process is a creative adaptation to the second power, at least. This creative adaptation is also constantly referred to as "a process of creative trial and error adaptation." How this can be, when there is a guiding Creative Genius, Boodin nowhere elucidates. For whenever we are guided by an intelligent genius we can ordinarily dispense with the trial and error. However, the principal purpose of the book is to show that nothing emerges "by chance in isolation from the cosmic whole, but as a creative response to the characteristics of the cosmic structure," in the hierarchical fashion already mentioned for "the impulse to organization (the primary impulse of development and growth) must come from preëxistent organization." If Boodin could establish this, then the essentials of his whole theological system of cosmology would be established. For then it would be true that in the evolutionary process we are ever coming nearer to God who would necessarily exist.

But what if the eye "is a creative adaptation of organic bodies to a certain range" of cosmic waves of radiant energy? An optician studying or curing the eye can well afford to remember none of this. What if the "matter of our earth is a centre of exchange in a cosmos of undreamed-of complexity?" The earth is not robbed thereby of its distinctive particularity, and at least in that sense, of its isolation. Any more than Fifth Avenue loses its particularity or is subject to the control of the enveloping environment because it is a centre of traffic exchange in a city of undreamed-of complexity. Fifth Avenue, as all things, is controlled by a simple law of its being. And controls, rather than is controlled by, the environment. All perambulating events converging upon Fifth Avenue automatically come within the absolute jurisdiction and control of the simple system by which the terrestrial stream of life (be it cosmically determined) is regulated. A red light means Stop! and a green light means Go! irrespective of the place of origin of the car or the nationality of the pedestrian. The vast complexity is reduced to a rigid simplicity. And for all intellectual and practical purposes, it is the principle of simplification (the subject-matter of science) not the brute fact of existential complexity that is of importance. For these principles or laws transform chaos into cosmos. Also, two levels of existence cannot possibly interact unless they have some ground in common. This necessity destroys Boodin's hierarchical scheme. The traffic policeman controlling the light signals (a truly Einsteinian procedure) is, it is true, above the stream of life he directs and controls. And he may because of that be hierarchically superior. But there is also a policeman on the level of the stream of life who blows a whistle. The Police Department may after all be in unsuspected possession of logical acumen and metaphysical insight.

But the individual reader must finally decide for himself whether he is ever being brought nearer to God after reading Boodin's very lucid and scholarly work. In any case, if the book does not certainly bring him nearer to God, it will bring him quite close to a full comprehension of the nature and possible solutions of fundamental metaphysical and cosmological problems.

JOSEPH RATNER.

Tantum Religio

The Autobiography of Guibert, Abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy. Translated by C. C. Swinton Bland. With an Introduction by G. G. Coulton. Broadway Translations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 224 pages. $3.

A Huguenot Family in the Sixteenth Century. The Memoirs of Philippe de Mornay, written by his Wife. Translated, with an Introduction, by Lucy Crump. Broadway Translations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 300 pages. $5.

THE two latest additions to Messrs. E. P. Dutton's admirable series of Broadway Translations are somewhat different from the books which have preceded them in the series, and the extension of scope which is implied in their inclusion is welcome. Here are no great works of literature, but the life stories of two people, livres de bonne foi which interest less for their graces of style than for their recital of incident and revelation of character. Such books are little epitomes of their age, and no reader can lay down the autobiography of Guibert or Madame de Mornay's memoir of her husband without an intensified understanding of what life was like in the late eleventh and late sixteenth centuries respectively. Both writers were persons of some importance in their day. Guibert was Abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, and "Mademoiselle du Plessis" (as she calls herself) was wife of one of the foremost Huguenot statesmen of France, a trusted counsellor of Henry of Navarre, a soldier and a voluminous writer on political and religious matters. Their circumstances were, it is true, very different. One was a Catholic in the age of faith and naïveté, when devils and Jews and communistic heretics were the only opponents of an all-powerful Church, whose religious sway remained unquestioned, although its bishops might be murdered by angry townsfolk; the other lived five centuries later, in an age when the seamless garment was already rent, and professed the new faith in a land where its rending was having the most disastrous political effects. One was a monk, the other a wife and mother; one lived for God only, the other for God and M. de Mornay. Yet both have this in common, that they were children of France, and that religion shaped more powerfully than any other force the milieu in which they had their being.

It is a strange world to which the autobiography of Guibert introduces us. Brought up, like St. Augustine, by a beautiful and ascetic mother, who loved him tenderly and whom he calls "far the best of all my earthly possessions," the boy entered religion at an early age. There is something pitiful about his youth, in spite of her constant care; the devoted but harsh and incompetent tutor, who sought to flog the child into learning what the master was too incompetent to teach; the early years in the monastery, troubled by nightmares, "visions of dead men, chiefly those whom I had seen or heard of as slain with swords," so that he started night after night in terror from his bed; the "vanities" of adolescence, which urged the youth to read Ovid and the Bucolics of Virgil and "to aim at the airs and graces of a love poem in a critical treatise . . . snared by the wantonness of the sweet words I found in the poets and those which I poured forth myself." Guibert was dreadfully ashamed of those poems afterwards, but who can refrain from sympathy with the young man when

> hammering out these verses in secret and daring to show them to no one, or at least to only a few like

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> myself, yet I read them out when I could, often inventing an author for them, and I was delighted when those which I thought it inconvenient to acknowledge as mine were praised by those who shared such studies, but whereas their author gained no praise by them, he had to be content with the enjoyment or rather the shame of making them.

Soon enough the sweet verses were cast aside in penitence, and the young monk busied himself with commentaries on the Scriptures and the works of Gregory, schooling his pen "to treat the words of the prophets and the Gospels in their allegorical, their moral and even their mystical meaning." Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

But the burial of a poet beneath the works of Gregory is the least of the ills to which religion persuaded the credulous mind of the eleventh century. Guibert's world swarms with devils; it is at least as conscious of the unsleeping eye of the Evil One as it is of the eye of God; and although holy relics borne through the country may perform some very competent miracles, they pale before the versatility and resource displayed by the devils. There are devils like little dogs, leaping at a cradle in which a stolen sum of money is hidden and nipping the baby till it screams; devils crowding round a dying sinner till he cries out, "I should have hope and confidence in God's Mother, if these barons did not press me so hard"; devils in the form of fevers who spare poor sentinels and fasten upon gross and well fed clerks; devils seen in a vision beating a dead nun with hammers; devils entering into compacts with renegade monks and enabling them to turn their inamoratas into dogs to conceal them from their brethren; devils offering to ferry an unlucky swearer across the river in France and dropping him down with a bang and a broken head in Italy; devils lurking at the bottom of streams to fasten together the toes of unwary countrymen washing their feet, and the Father of Mischief himself disguised as a beaver and carried off by some noble huntsmen in a bag, when suddenly at nightfall the bag grows heavy as lead and a voice rings through the wood, "They are carrying off Cadux here," and endless troops of demons rush out to rescue him and the hunting party takes to its heels.

In the midst of this smell of sulphur and supernatural clamor, however, there rises an almost equal clamor from more mundane circles, for Guibert's book is, as Doctor Coulton points out, "among our best and most trustworthy authorities, not only for a good deal of the Church history of that time, but also for home life in castle and monastery, for educational conditions and methods, and for that great municipal movement in France which was already beginning to make struggling peasants into chartered townsfolk." The most valuable part of his book is contained in the extraordinarily vivid account which he gives of the "commune" movement in Laon ("communio, novum ac pessimum nomen," he calls it), beginning with the murder of the wicked bishop, whom men called Isengrin, "the wolf," outside his church. It is a violent and dramatic episode, and Guibert makes it live. Even concentration upon the works of Gregory has not spoiled his narrative style.

In the sixteenth century we are in a very different, though hardly a less violent world. There are no more devils in quite the simple guise in which Guibert sees them, but there are devils enough and to spare for all that, and religion is still powerful both for good and evil. The good can be seen in the stern and upright integrity of character, which wins the reader's respect for de Mornay and his wife and which was grounded in their faith; the evil is seen in the struggles of Catholic and Huguenot over the ravaged body of France. Tantum religio again. The Memoir of de Mornay opens with two extremely exciting escapes from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, on which occasion he and his future wife, as yet unknown to each other, were both in Paris. His whole political career was passed amid the tortuous diplomacy of the wars of religion, ending at last when the master whom he served so faithfully, Henry of Navarre, bartered Paris for a mass. Finally, it was with the publication of his book on the Eucharist (after Henry's change of faith had made a gulf between them) that de Mornay fell from favor. Moreover, quite the most amusing episode in this memoir is one of the minor manifestations of religion; it is the story of "Mademoiselle du Plessis's" struggle with the ministers of Montauban over the burning question of her false hair. Mrs. Crump is much to be thanked for making this delightful book available for a wider public; it has a sort of domestic charm all of its own, the charm which comes from seeing political affairs through the eyes of an extremely intelligent wife, writing her husband's story for the edification of their children. Mrs. Crump has also added to our indebtedness by the admirable historical introduction with which she prefaces it. Doctor Coulton contents himself with commending Mr. Swinton Bland's excellent translation of Guibert, but it is a pity that this book also was not provided with an introduction, for Guibert's world is even less familiar to the average reader than is sixteenth-century France.

EILEEN POWER.

The Man Who Was Seven

Dialogues in Limbo, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 192 pages. $3.

USING a skein of luxurious metaphor and golden imagery, Santayana once wove an eloquent tapestry portraying five glorious, triumphant adventures of the Life of Reason. Reason was for him the seat of all values—values which were human in origin, yet divine in fruition; pragmatic in function, yet platonic in essence; last in history, but first in morals. It was from them that life took meaning, and meaning life; it was they which enriched all experience, by making experience, in a truer sense, possible.

To try to bring reason before the bar of reason and to evaluate value is as impossible as to try to eat oneself and is just as foolish. More than one philosophic life has been lost in a joust with just such a problem. And it is only natural that the old philosopher, more enraptured than ever with a mechanical world of atoms moving through a void, when he comes to question the value of the valuer, finds himself in foolish contradiction and ends by calling reason madness and considering it as irrational as the vagrant impulses which it was supposed to coalesce into an harmonious, meaningful whole. This madness, when chastened by the punishment that error inflicts and flanked by the agreement which different madmen find in one another, is restricted in its folly and kept within bounds, so that it becomes conventional sanity or normal folly. Using that provoking Spirit of the Stranger, and the shades of Alcibiades, Dionysius, Aristippus and Democritus—Reason in Common Sense, Society, Religion, Art and Science—as mouthpieces to express the divergent manifestations of this general madness, Santayana, in the first five dialogues, expresses in a new form, but with less sympathy for all but science, the basic views of his previous work.

The dialogue has occasionally been used by philosophers

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since Plato, but no one has been so bold as to use the very creature of the original master. Yet Santayana's Socrates in the two dialogues on Self-Government, though essentially of the blood and flesh of the gentle Spaniard himself is one whom Plato would not hesitate to own. Between him and the Stranger the pretensions and presuppositions of government in general and democracy in particular are subjected to keen analysis and delightful satire. Though democracy is "the tragedy of those who do as they wish, but do not get what they want," and though there is no science in it, like all conventional follies, it somehow fulfills a function because it *is* conventional. Good government requires accurate knowledge of the true needs of its citizens and cannot go contrary to the natural instincts of its peoples. If a conclave of astrologers, never having noted the instinctive behavior of the newborn child, "had been summoned to devise the right food for infants, not one of those learned men would ever have suggested a method so strangely elaborate and (as they would have said) so disgusting as being suckled at the breast; but if one of them was a follower of Thales, he might have urged that water, being the substance of all things was undoubtedly in its pure state the most invigorating and safest nourishment for a tender life; and another might have suggested that a little wine, the gift of the infant Bacchus, is the surest cause of warmth and movement in the system, and of inspiration in the mind; a third might have argued that, life being something divine and supernatural, it is best sustained if the wine is mixed with honey because then it is called nectar and is the drink of the gods; another might have prescribed a diet of fresh grass, saying that grass is the stay of every strong and blameless animal, such as the horse and the cow, and that all other foods are mad contrivances of luxury or ferocity, and a sure cause of disease; yet another, a logician, might have proved that only solids can enlarge solids, so that for the right growth of a child's body—body being solid by definition—all liquids were superfluous. . . . Meantime after all these sages and those who listened to them, had died childless, the vulgar who had ignorantly followed their instinct would have preserved mankind from extinction and repeopled the earth."

It is an altogether different Socrates who, in the Philanthropist, tries to understand the basic elements of Christianity. It is one who is glad that he died before Christ so that he might not be a Christian. Futilely the Stranger tries to show the significance and necessity for true charity and philanthropy as friends and consolers of the human spirit.

In the Secret of Aristotle, Avicenna, the Arabian philosopher and mediæval Aristotelian commentator, essays a reinterpretation of the classic four causes. Unfortunately the secret, if it is divulged, is lost in a sea of metaphor. One cannot see the wisdom for the allegories. The causes are viewed as colored lights or faculties—memory, sense, logic and pleasure—which illumine the nature of causation, existence, essence and harmony and make them their concern. This dialogue demonstrates most adequately the limitations of this form of expression and of Santayana himself. Metaphysics must work with a minimum of imagery; allegory must be abjured; with cold logic it must explore carefully and with painstaking detail every aspect of its problem; it must go over its ground slowly and thoroughly examine every implication. But in connection with social problems where there is a clash of prejudice and a chaos of opinion, and where the evocation of sympathetic understanding is the goal of conscientious moralists, keen dialectic conspiring with happy metaphor will most expeditiously achieve its object. It is for this reason that Santayana, though an inadequate metaphysician, is a significant social philosopher and that these dialogues, though confusing in their metaphysics, are clear and mellow in their practical wisdom.

PAUL WEISS.

Religion in Dreamland

Do Fundamentalists Play Fair? by William M. Forrest. New York: The Macmillan Company. 117 pages. $1.

Can a Man Be a Christian Today? by William Louis Poteat. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 110 pages. $1.50.

Fundamental Christianity, by Francis L. Patton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 330 pages. $2.25.

THE easiest way to be happy is to float into a dreamland, whether sleeping or waking. It is sometimes very dangerous and in the end costly, but for the present it offers fewest difficulties. Any idea is a dream which is entertained without evidence, whether it be the work of poetic fancy or religious conviction, and whether it be the original construction of the individual or handed down to him by tradition. It may be entertained with frank recognition that there is no evidence for its truth; or one may go through all the notions of building up an elaborate structure of thought to support it and defend it, although one does not hold it for any such reason. The latter is called rationalization and is a device by which we make ourselves think we are intelligent in our beliefs when we are not.

The President of Wake Forest College, Mr. Poteat, is not guilty of rationalization. He holds his religion without evidence and freely admits it. It does not require evidence. It is an "intuitive apprehension" which is "non-rational" and cannot be supported by evidence. Apparently what can be based on evidence belongs to science. Religion and science "are distinct, but not antagonistic; permanent phases of our life standing apart." Our religious convictions are analogous to unreasoned likes and dislikes.

> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell.

The writer himself uses this couplet to illustrate his view of religious conviction.

This "immediate, intuitive, non-rational" religious faith is, of course, of the same character as the colored man's intuitive apprehension of impending evil when a black cat crosses his path, or the Nordic's intuitive apprehension of his own racial superiority, or the consciousness of exalted existence which the user of opium knows so well. The great experience comes to some in the latter stages of intoxication.

Our own view is that while the supernal vision does come, giving us a glimpse into a way of life more glorious than that of every day, we cannot distinguish it from hallucination save by evidence and reason. If one cuts loose from these he is quite completely at sea.

President Patton's book is given over almost entirely to an attack upon the view of religion we have just been describing. Religion cannot dispense with reason, he says. This glorified state of immediate consciousness, inner light, value judgment, illative sense, testimony of the heart, and all other forms of intuitive apprehension, are untrustworthy. They quite properly enter into religion, to be sure, but they

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also enter into insanity and drunkenness and the jubilant moment of scientific discovery.

Must religion, then, submit itself to all the tests of intelligent inquiry? Dr. Patton would seem to be heading in that direction. But no, he turns into another road. He also dwells in dreamland. He takes the second of the two forms of dreaming which we mentioned at first. He rationalizes. It is not the part of reason to discover the facts pertaining to religion. "It is for reason to take the more modest part of showing that what we confessedly need has been given us in the religion which came from God." The Hottentot makes the same claim for his religion. Reason "cannot speak with authoritative confidence on themes which only revelation can unfold." The South Sea Islander excludes reason from his religion on the same grounds. The Christian is compared to "a man who enters into litigation for the protection of his property when an attempt is made to turn him out of his home." He "has espoused a cause and advocates it with the warmth of a partisan."

What is the difference between the religious views of President Poteat and former President Patton? Do they not amount to the same thing? On the surface they seem to be diametrically opposed because Mr. Poteat frankly discredits intelligence as basis for religion, while Mr. Patton makes much use of learning and reason in defence of religion. But when we examine more deeply into the views of the latter we find that his religious convictions are not subject to intelligence after all. "Thank the church for bringing you the message, thank your reason for ability to interpret the message, but the Bible is the message."

Both these books give us religions of dreamland. The only difference is that the dream in the first case springs from the individual consciousness, in the second it is handed down to the individual through social tradition. But both are dreams in the sense that evidence, and hence intelligence or reason, is not the ultimate test of validity in case of religious conviction. And even this difference with respect to tradition does not truly hold, for the individual consciousness is the product of social tradition. While Mr. Poteat seems to be independent of the authority of tradition he is not; and while Mr. Patton seems to make use of reason in the interest of religion he does not except for purposes of rationalization. Poteat and Patton are partners.

But Professor Forrest stands over against them both in striving to base religion upon intelligence. He pleads for a fair consideration of all the facts and logical consistency in dealing with them. He shows it is intellectual suicide to accept the teaching of science that the world is round and revolves on its axis and yet fight evolution on the ground that it is contrary to the teaching of scripture, for the former is just as truly and in the same sense contrary to biblical statements. He who accepts the Bible as an infallible record of dates is inconsistent in rejecting the chronology of Usher, for the reckoning of the good bishop was true to the chronology of the Bible. If one accepts guidance of the Bible it is unfair to denounce the use of scientific and philosophic theory in dealing with religious matters, for the Bible does that very thing, as witness the use of the Logos theory of Greek speculation. The religious man is in the fog of self-contradiction if he blames Darwinism and the teachings of science for the last War and other evils of our civilization. The Bible has been used to defend slavery and propagate polygamy, just as Darwinism has been used to justify greed and lust and rapine in war. If we blame Darwin, then we must blame the Bible. In Germany the Bible is read and the Bible declares that God commanded his servants to slaughter by the thousand old men, young men, women and children without mercy or pity. But it is neither Bible nor Darwin that should be blamed for the bloodthirstiness of Germany and France and United States.

Thus does Professor Forrest proceed through one lucid chapter after another showing the hopeless befuddlement and disastrous consequences to religion when it abjures the use of intelligence and fair-mindedness. Religion cannot blind itself to any facts nor discard any laws of reason in the interest of self-protection. For if it does, Professor Forrest plainly shows, it will become a monster of iniquity. For religion is subject to all the depravity that human nature can put into it, viz., the sacred prostitution, human sacrifice, religious wars, slaughter of witches. Any student of the history of religions knows this right well. Nothing will bring on this degeneracy of religion more swiftly and surely than cultivating blindness to facts and perversion of reason for the sake of "defending the faith."

The religion of dreamland seems easy and lovely at first. But it leads ultimately to intolerance and the grossest superstitions, to the use of legislation, persecution and war to enforce its convictions. When one discards the persuasiveness of evidence, and fairness in reasoning together, there is no way to defend and propagate the faith save emotional contagion and violence.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN.

Dayton's Aftermath

Evolution, Genetics and Eugenics, by Horatio Hackett Newman. Revised Edition. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 639 pages. $5.

The Gist of Evolution, by Horatio Hackett Newman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 154 pages. $1.50.

The Gospel of Evolution, by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 224 pages. $2.50.

Evolution and Optimism, by Ludwig Stein. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 241 pages. $3.

BRYAN is dead. The versatile Mr. Darrow is now frying other fish. John Thomas Scopes after his brief moment as dark-horse winner of the sweepstakes of publicity has retired to training quarters in the comparative obscurity of a National Research Council fellowship. The fundamentalists have carried the battle into other states; and the scientists are raining books. Who won at Dayton? The issue is still obscure and will probably continue to be so, since the forces which met there were those not of rival kingdoms but of conflicting civilizations, highly complicated forces with highly indefinite outlines meeting in an obscure and inconclusive struggle. No doubt each of us has his own opinion on the subject, or at least some temperamental leaning. My own opinion is that fundamentalism won.

It used to be said of the "barbarian invasions" that the hordes from the north invaded Roman civilization, conquered it by force of arms, and were then themselves subtly but conclusively overcome by the insinuating persistence of Roman culture. To my mind this figure illustrates what has been going on between science and religion. In the great evolution controversy of the nineteenth century the barbarian forces of evolution, led by Huxley the destroying Hun, triumphed decisively; and ever since that time the victorious forces have been subjected to quiet boring from within, to peaceful penetration by the vanquished culture, until science is now more Christian than the Christians. To my mind the most

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significant aspect of the Dayton affair was not a recrudescence of pietism among the hill-billies but the exhibition of the scientists as the friends of God and protectors of the faith. The defense of science was all built about one argument: that evolution, properly understood, substantiates religion!

This opinion has been steadily deepened by the aftermath of scientific books. Professor Newman's readings in Evolution, Genetics and Eugenics was first published in 1921. At that time it was reviewed in the New Republic by Professor Robert Lowie in an essay which has already become something of a classic. It was there that Doctor Lowie retorted to the author's prefatory announcement that he had been "at some pains to make it clear that evolution and religion are strictly compatible" with the crushing rejoinder that while the scientist may properly disavow any intent to destroy faith he must stand pat on the intention of teaching science whether it destroys faith or not. But Professor Newman was not crushed: he reprints his avowal of piety in the revised edition. Not only that—his piety has been greatly deepened by his experiences as spokesman for science at the Dayton trial. The new volume—bear in mind that this is still a textbook in science for undergraduates!—contains a special chapter on the significance of Dayton, replete with protestations, quoting the famous Scientists' Creed published in 1923 by Doctor Millikan (here described as "at once an evolutionist and a Christian gentleman") on the "sublime conception of God" which "science furnishes," and generally stocked with armor for the Christian scientist.

The other little book by Professor Newman is a pamphlet for laymen. Avowedly it grew out of its author's experiences at Dayton. Its object is to correct the misconceptions of those who suppose evolution to conflict with Genesis by telling them what they may properly believe. Prof. J. Arthur Thomson is too tactful to dedicate his volume to John Thomas Scopes. But there are many evidences besides his charming note that Darwin and Lincoln were born on the same day to show that this is really to be understood as an Epistle to the Americans. In any case, it is unmistakably the epistle of an evolutionist and a Christian gentleman. Just as Professor Newman is at some pains in his revised textbook to define agnosticism as "tantamount simply to a statement that there are higher truths than any which the human mind has been able to grasp or express" (what a shock this would be to Huxley!) so the Sage of Aberdeen has explained away that awful retort of Laplace's to Napoleon's query about God, that he had no need of that hypothesis. It seems that Laplace has been much misunderstood! Thus are the sceptics vanquished!

All but Huxley—he was too explicit to be explained away. In terms admitting of no "interpretation," he declared that evolution was a natural process quite without ethical significance. If it is a movement from simple to complex, it is without prejudice to the former or adulation of the latter. Such ideas, said Huxley, come not from science but from philosophy. Professor Stein's book, though it takes no cue from Dayton, is a most timely acknowledgement of Huxley's principle. Professor Stein is a philosopher and sociologist in the optimistic vein. His regard is for the doughnut, not the hole. Against all the naysayers—the Spenglers and the Schopenhauers—he comes forward, bursting with vitality and uttering exuberantly, "Yes!" He believes in the human race. He even believes in the human races. Indeed, he even believes in the female sex. And most of all, in these lectures before American university audiences, introduced by the yea-saying president of Columbia, he believes in the Future of America. In short, evolution is optimism, in this philosophy.

We recognize this at once as the key to contemporary science. Evolution is religion. As Professor Newman says, "they are two aspects of one great reality." "The leading idea" of the Gospel of Evolution "is that the story of Organic Evolution has good news for Man." Such is the message of the Gospel According to Saint Thomson. Whereat we are not surprised to learn from the Saint of Evolution that "our thesis is different from Huxley's." It is, indeed.

So different is it that no good can come of harping on the difference. Any sophomore debater after reading Huxley for half an hour could prove beyond all possibility of rebuttal that science has never turned up one single iota of evidence of the moral or æsthetic superiority of the complex or "higher" species, let alone Homo Sapiens, and that in the nature of the case it never can and never will. But the argument is completely irrelevant. All scientists know this far better than the sophomore debater. But they also know that if science has nothing to say for such beliefs, it also has nothing to say against them. Therefore, since all gentlemen believe them, all scientists who are also Christian gentlemen believe them too.

Therefore it only remains to be pointed out, not as an accusation, but merely as a fact, that in the minds of such gentlemen science has been assimilated to a body of belief. It has become itself a body of belief. It is one of two aspects of the same body of belief. And as such these books present it. If this fact requires emphasis, that is only because many people do not know how different some science is from Huxley's. They are not likely to make any mistake about a volume which announces itself as a Gospel. That they would expect to be an avowal. What they might not be prepared to see is that a university textbook can have the same character and be written in the same vein. To realize this they should therefore study Professor Newman's readings. They should notice the tone of persuasion running through his entire volume. They should pay special attention to his appeal to his readers not only to accept science as the foundation of belief but to take it into their lives as the agent of salvation—science, savior of our germ-plasm, and all the rest. Interestingly enough, the smaller volume containing only the "gist" of evolution, is far more factual in tone than the textbook. In it there is much less open special pleading for biology. It is brief, and its author has packed it full of facts. As a concise summary of the evidences of evolution it is probably the most complete, the most modern, the most orderly, the most intelligible and authoritative book obtainable at the present time. But let the reader note this point also: it is not an account of how science goes about its business in this day and age; it is a statement of what science now knows to be true. It contains the evidences of evolution just as another book, on the other aspect, might present the Evidences of Christianity.

This distinction is no idle subtlety. On it depends nothing less than the future of scientific research. The reason for this is that scientific research, as distinct from scientific belief, is above all things irreverent. It respects nobody's avowals. Sir Oliver Lodge may believe that ether and ectoplasm are identical; but that is not going to prevent research physicists from puncturing the whole theory of ether, ectoplasm and all. At the very moment, indeed, when biologists are making evolution their theology, other

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scientists, taking up the labors of research where Huxley left them are inquiring what the descent of man implies for human nature. Nearly every question affecting the human species is involved in this quandary. If evolution is a gospel, if it is "good news," if it moves "upward" to man's "godlike powers," then there is no use inquiring about the simian traits of human nature, since we have defined man in advance as a little lower than the angels. But if evolution is a research hypothesis connecting only the anthropoids, whatever they are, with man, whatever he is, there are many interesting questions which await further delving into this anthropo-simian heritage of ours. Professor Thomson quotes his American friend, Doctor Osborn, as saying that Darwin's supreme service was "that he won for man absolute freedom in the study of the laws of Nature." It may have been. But that is not the service of the evolutionary pietists. Theirs is, in fact, quite opposite. They may perform the supreme service of amalgamating evolution to Christianity. But in so far as they do, they place their evolutionary beliefs squarely in the path of research science which may—who knows?—want to treat man to some investigations that will not properly respect the paragon of their beliefs. Then the old question will be posed again, in all its perennial agony of spirit, which is to prevail, gospel or experiment?

Perhaps it is better that experiment should stop. Perhaps it is better after all the risks we have run with the Luthers and the Darwins that we should remain now safe in the arms of Jesus and not venture again upon the vasty deep under the erratic pilotage of the Huxleys and Laplaces. Perhaps it is good fortune almost beyond our deserts that Baptists and even Unitarians are Christians still. In that case we must indeed give thanks that there is no conflict between science and any other department of religion.

C. E. Ayres.

The Promise of Social Science

The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences. Edited by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 534 pages. $5.

TO those who are in any way dissatisfied with their experiences or the experiences of others in modern society, and who have submitted their intellectual apparatus to any considerable critical discipline, there must be a rather exciting curiosity about the progress of the social sciences. It is a commonplace that through the natural sciences we have learned and are learning further to master our physical environment; surprising results have been achieved by the substitution of exact, classifiable and reliable knowledge for lore and hunches. Similarly, if human nature is a part of nature, we ought by scientific study of it to be able to build up a system of knowledge to aid us in doing what we wish with ourselves and our social environment. Objective knowledge may replace dogmas, traditions and guesses, and form the basis for an effective social technique.

For this reason a collection of essays like these should be of interest, not merely to those who have not had the time to steep themselves in the social studies, but to social scientists themselves who want occasionally to climb out of their specialisms and survey the whole field so that they may orientate their work. Various authorities, each giving a brief account of the past of his science, its present problems and its prospects, ought to be able to tell us something about where we stand. Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College writes on History, Jean Brunhes of the Collège de France on Human Geography, Howard Madison Parshley of Smith College on Biology, Kimball Young of the University of Oregon on Social Psychology, Alexander Goldenweiser on Cultural Anthropology, Frank Hamilton Hankins of Smith College on Sociology, Karl Worth Bigelow of Harvard University on Economics, Walter James Shepard of the Brookings School on Political Science, Roscoe Pound of Harvard Law School on Jurisprudence, and Robert Chenault Givler of Tufts College on Ethics.

As is sure to be the case with any such collection, the papers are uneven both in conception and performance. Some, like Professor Brunhes's, are over-formal and are valuable chiefly for their bibliographical references; others, like Professor Barnes's, are full of juice and spirit, but somewhat highly colored by the personal attitudes of the author; others, like Professor Pound's, while admirable in scholarship and objectivity, are at the same time simple and enlightening. Few could read the book without acquiring much valuable information and rounding out points of view. Yet as a whole it must be disappointing to anyone who has approached the subject with high expectation.

As the reader courses along, he will soon come to a statement which he questions. If this were a book on natural science, he would know that the answer to his question would be determinable by experimental or mathematical verification. If all reputable scientists were agreed in the matter, he could accept their testimony as good authority—he would understand that their belief was supported by processes which would also convince him, had he the time and skill to repeat their tests. If all reputable scientists were not agreed, the writer would know it and would report his conclusion as an unverified hypothesis. But here the case is different for the most part. Authorities may disagree with little chance of harmonizing their differences by processes universally acceptable. At best much of this science consists of extremely careful and reasonable estimates.

Some of the authors are aware of the difficulty, honestly investigate it and qualify their conclusions in accordance. Others give it lip service, but appear to forget it when immersed in their subjects. Still others seem blithely unconscious of its existence. Thus the biologist reports that intelligence tests in the schools prove inherited differences of capacity, whereas if he had looked into the essay on Social Psychology he would have seen that Dewey, Thomas and others "do not deny the place of innate instinctive trends, but hold that they are so quickly complicated and overlaid by habits that no interpretative system can be built up from them alone." Is the disposition to learning then inherited or acquired? And what are we to say of Professor Barnes's unqualified assertion in his introduction that "there is not the slightest iota of choice allowed to any individual in any act or thought from birth to the grave." If that is the case, why exhort people to choose even the policy of "giving the individual a better set of experiences through heredity, education and association" in place of older techniques for modifying behavior? Unresolved conflicts of this nature, which are not characteristic of true objective science, emerge in profusion from a reading of the book.

On this account one is inclined to take a little warily Mr. Barnes's introductory opinion that the articles as they stand possess "an immediate practical value for the solu-

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tion of concrete social problems." No doubt most of the social sciences can offer help in many practical problems, no doubt it is better to consult them than to rely solely on the old systems of authority. But, on the other hand, there is a danger that the incautious scientist, not yet on a firm enough foundation, may paraphrase in terms of his own intellectual system the behavior attributed on page 152 to Puritanism, expressing "the theory . . . that right and wrong are absolute and ascertainable through revelation . . . that those who profess Pauline Christianity are thereby rendered competent to adjudicate for themselves and others all questions in art, science and conduct which may appear to have an ethical connotation." To be fair it must be added that few contributors to this book show the slightest sign of such premature assumption of authority.

The volume is a useful experiment, a good beginning which will certainly aid enlightenment. One wonders whether it may not some time be possible for such a group of workers to get together for a series of Socratic discussions to investigate how scientific method may be adapted to their various uses, to establish a hierarchy of better and less well grounded conclusions, to see where their several realms meet and interpenetrate, to lay out a series of fundamental investigations for the purpose of establishing the groundwork on which so many of their conclusions must ultimately be raised. A book resulting from coöperation of this sort would be exciting indeed. At present the social scientists seem to be crossing and recrossing each others' paths in a wilderness for the most part unsurveyed, each making his little clearing somewhere, but without much idea of what his neighbor's work will do to his own.

GEORGE SOULE.

A Landmark for Law

A History of English Law, by W. S. Holdsworth. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 575 pages. $6.

WITH these two volumes Professor Holdsworth approaches the end of his immense labors; and we can begin with some confidence to assess the value of the work as a whole. Let us note, first of all, how immense those labors have been. Twenty-two years ago this History was to have been written in two volumes. The two grew into five. New problems arose; new filiations had to be traced; and before the tale has fully been told a ninth volume will be necessary to complete a tale which, when it is finished, will state more amply the record of a nation's law than any other country can show except Germany. In assessing Professor Holdsworth's book, one has to bear in mind how much of it is genuine pioneer work. Reeves's earlier volumes have been out of date these past seventy years; Pollock and Maitland stopped, for practical purposes, at the thirteenth century; there were valuable monographs on sections of the law, landmarks, for example, like the work of Holmes, Gray, Ames, Brunner. But no one had woven the threads into a uniform pattern. There were volumes of Year-Books hardly even known to the earlier pioneers. There were reports vaster even than the Statutes which, so Lambard said, made the Elizabethan justice of the peace groan beneath his stacks of orders. There was the growing realization that law, apart from its economic context, was unintelligible. There was the insistence, brought home most largely to Englishmen by American scholars, that the Common Law is not innocent of continental influence. There was the need to recognize that even if we knew the significance of men like Coke there were great judges like Holt whose importance had never been properly explained. Obviously, then, Professor Holdsworth had to gird on his armor for a battle on the grand scale. He had to write knowing that there was no prospect of popular applause; that even the majority of lawyers would look upon so ample a survey as dryasdust antiquarianism; that the practical man is interested in what the Courts are saying today rather than how they have come to say it. The sense of the scholar's essential loneliness comes home to one keenly as he reads these volumes. There are perhaps half a hundred men competent to judge them; less, even, will read them through. It is difficult to approach the history of ideas, especially of ideas so often severely technical, without an effort of will that fatigues. Yet Professor Holdsworth may be comforted by the knowledge that no one who cares for the history of the human mind but will be grateful for these results of his devotion. Our Lady of the Common Law is a hard task-mistress; but here at least is proof that she is served with reverence and enthusiasm.

Anyone who seeks to test the quality of Professor Holdsworth's work will, of course, begin by a comparison with Maitland. It must be said at once that Professor Holdsworth is not in that class. The magic style, the power to make institutions and ideas so vivid that the men who made them reveal their kinship with ourselves, the learning that is borne gaily even while it is ample, these are qualities which only Mr. Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock have possessed in kindred measure. There is something a little pedestrian and inelastic about Professor Holdsworth's method of treatment. There is lacking the sudden flash of illumination, the power to make law vitally a department of life, the implicit philosophy which provokes eager discussion and constant stimulus. But below that supreme level, no one can doubt that the work is well done. The knowledge is at every point ample; the treatment is always clear; and it is never forgotten that law is not only made by lawyers—politics, economics, philosophy, all these are brought under contribution. Again and again there are sections which are both illuminating and learned. I instance as examples the treatment of negotiable instruments, the discussion of quasi contract, the account of defamation. All these I take at random out of the eighth volume; they are discussions which even the layman could hardly fail to read without being interested. They show admirably how the full substance of life pours itself into the channels of law; how the judge, often quite unconsciously, is a function of the world about him.

Professor Holdsworth, of course, has his special prejudices, and no one will deny his title to them. Yet again and again in reading his pages one is arrested by the sense that the thought to which some doctrine leads him is born rather from the sheltered cloisters of an Oxford college than from contact with the grim world of industrial enterprise. I doubt, for instance, whether he fully grasps the implications of his blessing upon the free and independent workman to which his account of freedom of contract leads him; one would like here to feel that he had read and weighed, say, Mr. and Mrs. Webb's History of Trade Unionism, Dean Pound's classic essay, and the brief but pregnant dissent of Mr. Justice Holmes in Coppage versus Kansas. He lets off a little lightly those who made the law of conspiracy in relation to trade unions in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is difficult for the political scientist not to feel that it was in part a deliberate loading of the dice against humble men; the treatment of the

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Dorchester Laborers on the one hand, the calm acceptance of business methods in the Mogul case on the other; here, surely, is something to be explained. Professor Holdsworth's treatment of sedition, too, not only conveys the impression that the law is far more lax than it is, but also does not, in its hint that stringency is desirable, take account of the fact that, in practice, this is tantamount to asking governments to attack the humble and leave unhampered the powerful. We who have seen the differential treatment of Ulster and the Communists are not inclined to trust overmuch a government anxious to make its authority felt. So, also, when Professor Holdsworth writes that the modern Workmen's Compensation Act gives the employe an "extravagant degree of protection," one can only feel that he has not seriously measured by a study of the Act in operation the miseries it obviates. It is the comment of the doctrinaire who has not seen the results of its absence, of the dangers, for example, to which miner and builder and engineer are necessarily exposed. If they exercised the due care which the professorial outsider likes to emphasize when he gives evidence before a Royal Commission, we should hear at once of sabotage and restriction of output. Has Professor Holdsworth ever meditated on the fact that observance of regulations by the railwaymen would be perhaps the most effective strike in which they could engage? Is he really willing to condemn a whole family to want because, let us say, a builder is a little careless in descending from a scaffold? Yet that is what his "extravagant degree of protection" really implies!

These, and things like these, are however small things. What is of importance is the fact that at last we have a history of English law which is a real landmark in scholarship. All studies in the future will take their origin from the signposts Professor Holdsworth has erected. When, fifteen years ago, his third volume appeared, Mr. Justice Holmes wrote that it "could be recommended equally to philosophers who can understand it, and to practical students of the law." Today that is true in an even ampler degree. It is a big book, finely conceived and, despite all criticism, executed in a big way. I note from the preface that its publication has been made possible by a grant from the Commonwealth Fund. Every scholar will appreciate that insight.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Why Are We Nervous?

An Introduction to Objective Psychopathology, by G. V. Hamilton. St. Louis: The C. V. Mosby Company. 354 pages. $5.

FOR a number of years we have been deluged with literature attempting to make clear the basis of human behavior and speculating about the deviations from the normal. Much that has been written has been pure speculation and most of the flood of opinion has been poured from sources whose springs have been in sex hypothesis.

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Now Doctor Hamilton calls a halt on the speculative approach to the understanding of nervous disorders and presents the results of his objective study of the problem, controlled by psychological experiment. Doctor Yerkes, in his forceful introduction, intimates that here we have the principles of objective and comparative psychology applied to psychopathology, in a way that bids fair to open a new chapter in mental medicine. It is certainly refreshing to witness an attempt scientifically to evaluate human conduct, and a willingness to approach the whole subject with open mind and with certain tools tending to give more accurate measurements than we have had in the past.

This book is not a popular presentation for the layman, but rather a technical work, combined with the case histories of two hundred patients. At first, it is quite disturbing to plunge into the case histories without previous explanatory text, but we forgive this order of procedure because of our later satisfaction with the fundamental concepts and proofs of the author. We cannot but feel that if the case histories had been placed after some of the chapters elucidating the Principles of Objective Psychopathology and then in turn been followed by the summary of case findings we would have had a more orderly approach to an understanding of the subject matter, and it seems probable that some of the men of medicine who need to read this book most would have been more likely to have read it through, rather than been tempted to give it up as an unintelligible maze.

That the author is a Freudian nonconformist is made perfectly clear, his whole approach to the tremendously difficult subject of behavior is opposed to the Freudian approach. Doctor Hamilton has for years studied animal reactions and has devised experimental means for controlling his observations; in fact, this whole work develops from the study of animal behavior, and from the animal and human reactions to certain controlled situations.

The first ten case histories deal, at more or less length, with the reactions to sex problems. We are too used to the baring of the body on the stage and of the innermost secrets of family life in the analysts' consulting rooms to let this disturb us, but it is a bit difficult to grasp the technique of the author concerning these cases and the 190 that follow without first being introduced to the method employed. The case material represents a fairly wide variety of cases; we wish that more with endogenous factors might have been studied during the year's work, because they are perhaps more difficult of interpretation than those with exogenous motivation and we would welcome Doctor Hamilton's study of all types.

From the results obtained with Hamilton's method of investigating reactions to baffling disadvantages which consists in imprisoning the subject in an enclosure with four openings only one of which is unlocked, the author derives his term of "Persistent Nonadjustive Affective Reaction." This new descriptive term gets us away from the old formulas of Neurasthenia, Neurosis and the worse Nervous Breakdown. This deserves most careful consideration, for from it and its related reactions we are likely to see built a new approach to the study and understanding of disabling human conduct. There are many psychologists who may be considerably upset by Hamilton's attempt to describe mental life without the acceptance of such terms as censorship, complex, repression and sublimation. This initial upset should be considerably soothed by the author's obvious ability to describe and to relate behavior with affective result, and as he frankly states not to "depart from the fundamental method, concepts, terminologies and sense organ orientations of the natural sciences."

There are times when the reader is inclined to feel that Doctor Hamilton has left the realm of objective, descriptive, controlled approach to his cases, and himself indulged in speculation, that speculation being based on whether

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his patient's description of his reactions to a described situation are particularly accurate either as to reaction or situation. We all know how inaccurate testimony can be, especially if the events are at all dimmed by a multiplicity of intervening situations. For example, the author states "that women report a certain degree of sexual satisfaction from childhood hair-pullings by other boys and girls." Can we be sure either that there was any degree of sexual satisfaction or that, if there were other factors besides the hair-pulling, they did not enter into the reaction? A poor illustration of the point perhaps, and certainly a matter that cannot altogether be avoided in our endeavor to investigate patients' reactions, but one that should be determined as accurately as possible by an elaboration of the methods outlined in this book.

Doctor Hamilton, with his habitual thoroughness, has foreseen this criticism, for in the introduction he states, "I have been trying out hitherto unexplored possibilities for psychopathological research, and this has required the formulation of research methods which, at best, cannot be regarded as other than provisional, and greatly in need of refinement." He goes on to say, "If my book serves no other useful purpose than to focus attention upon the importance of method in psychopathologic research, I shall be quite content." This, it seems to the reviewer, is the crux of the whole work, and the point that should be insisted upon. Objective Psychopathology points out the proper scientific approach to the study of nervous disorders, namely, that of collecting facts and then more facts, concerning behavior, subjecting those facts to critical review and with the information so gained, approach the clinical case, and make our interpretation and treatment according to the facts. Let us not get misled by specious argument about psychological hypotheses or by discussion concerning psychiatric nomenclature.

This book is searching for the truth in a sound and constructive way; much material is here presented of fact and method. Let all who are interested in knowing behavior and hoping to understand its abnormalities follow this scientific guide-post.

ARTHUR H. RUGGLES.

In Praise of Devotion

Last Essays, by Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 171 pages. $2.

CONRAD'S reticence, which made him punctilious in conversation and sent him retreating behind a series of spokesmen in his novels, slipped from him when he sat down to write a casual essay. After a page or two of introduction, he drifted easily into warm direct speech about the few things he cherished most throughout life. In the only formal attempt at autobiography he made he could not bring himself to do this. But in the first of these Last Essays, ostensibly on Geography and Some Explorers, he takes us back candidly to a certain small boy in Poland. This small boy was absorbing the powerful early impressions which became the centre of the dream world he lived in until he died. Out of that world the man drew the impulse for the imaginative world he rebuilt on paper. For that reason this volume, which one might have expected to find a pious collection of chips from the workshop, becomes abruptly illuminating. It is in fact more revealing than any other one book by Conrad, for those who wish to know what he was about during that half a lifetime of intense energy down in Kent.

Conrad himself was certainly not fully aware of what he was about. He wrote under inner compulsion, and died, as others die, in ignorance of his actual self. But his dream world was unusually clear, simple and consistent. It began to take form early, when he was an inattentive schoolboy with a hobby for first-hand accounts of explorations. He also became "addicted" to map-gazing, but it was not the waters the explorers covered nor the gold they were frequently after, which stirred him. It was their perseverance in the face of the unknown. Of all the men who penetrated to the islands of the Pacific, he liked best the ones who were uninterested in spices and sailed for the sake of geographical knowledge. It was not that his interest was truly scientific, though he liked to think there was something of that in it. It was because these men's loyalty to an immaterial purpose flared out more clearly in its irrational courage. This was why he admired Captain Cook more than any other.

Conrad tells us in this essay that he thought of himself always as a late member of this company of great navigators. They had polarized his childish imaginings, and in his life at sea his greatest satisfaction was the thought that he was making himself worthy of them. So when he left the sea and as a writer became absorbed in the moral problems of conduct, it was natural for him to create a world whose touchstone of values was that group of necessary qualities which had sustained his famous predecessors. In a couple of dozen or more volumes he projected life as an obscure voyage in the face of spectacular disaster, without assurance of any goal, but capable of being lit by the double inspiration of professional devotion and heroic endurance. The account of how he became initiated into this heroic world is told in the first of these essays with delightful charm and disarming humility.

The rest of the volume is made up for the most part of brief sketches of reminiscence and a few articles of acute, reasoned literary criticism. There is the familiar preface to Mr. Thomas Beer's Stephen Crane, an impressionistic account of a sympathetic, shy friendship. There is an affectionate tribute to the Torrens, the only passenger ship on which Conrad sailed. He loved her for her long faithfulness in serving the purpose for which she had been built. "The way that ship had of letting big seas slip under her did one's heart good to watch." Captain Cook himself could not have shown greater loyalty to his profession. The Unlighted Coast and The Dover Patrol, written after the War, celebrate the silent endurance of the men who kept the English Channel open: a job more continuously dangerous and less rewarded than any in France. Conrad warmed to the sight of unwavering seamanship through eighteen months of dark, nerve-straining nights, relieved at the last by ten minutes of obscure combat. There is a Memorandum he drew up in 1919 for the plan of fitting out a training ship for Merchant Service officers in Liverpool. Every suggestion in it shows his desire that the new cadets should not only learn their duties, but should keep alive the old tradition of affectionate loyalty. Conrad himself, as one of the "officers brought up in strenuous Indiamen and famous wool clippers," had inherited it from the navigators of an earlier day. He hoped it would not die.

Each of these essays is written with an unconquerable respect for accuracy, and with none of its belligerency. They range from intimate talk to a complete declaration of faith; and casual or significant, they are unified in the light of Conrad's distinctive vision of life.

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International Indebtedness

The Inter-Ally Debts and the United States. New York: The National Industrial Conference Board. 290 pages. $3.

FOR several years to come, books purporting to cover aspects of inter-governmental indebtedness arising out of the War are likely to arouse many more questions than they settle. This is, of course, a natural result of the fact that no technique has yet been worked out for dealing with these inter-governmental debts as a set formula, distinct in the minds of economists and students of public affairs. No extensive amount of first-hand literature has yet grown up with regard to the debts. Two or three publications in the United States, of which the one presently under consideration is by far the best, have essayed the task of assembling and analyzing all the data relevant to the economic significance of the debts or, more exactly, of any machinery designed to bring about their liquidation. Despite the enormous importance of the issues bound up in the question of the debts, not one of the official personages concerned with the matter or with any of its aspects has undertaken voluntarily, so far as the reviewer is aware, to set forth in an official record how they arose and what formal reasoning underlay the public policy framed in connection with them in the last eight years. To be sure, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has illuminated, in an article published last year, some of the procedural steps taken in connection with the incurring of the obligations to our Treasury by the powers allied against Central Europe. In Europe, beyond articles in French, British and Italian reviews (an excellent bibliography of which is to be found in the Weltwirtschaftliches Archiv for January, 1926) no important contribution has been made, except the notable book of Dr. Wilhelm Mautner, Die Verschuldung Europas, published in Frankfort in 1923. When it is recalled how vast a literature grew up around the Kriegsschuldfrage, even in the early days of the War, it is an interesting commentary upon the extent of public appreciation of the nature of the inter-governmental indebtedness that so little of lasting value should have been put into print down to the present time.

The study published by the National Industrial Conference Board in 1925 was submitted as a preliminary volume; and it is reported that the subject is to be examined at greater length in a second volume to be published in the current year. In the work under review, there are nine chapters of which the first and last are, respectively, general introduction and résumé of conclusions; and the text is fortified by some forty tables—some possessing considerable originality of presentation—and more than a dozen charts. The authors, a group of economists for the most part on the staff of the Conference Board, at the very beginning disclaim any intention to permit the political aspects of the question to enter their discussion. They then proceed to analyze the debts, chiefly from the point of view of the United States, first as to the assets and liabilities of the governments involved, then as to the real value of the debts both when contracted and at the time the study was made, and thirdly, as to the composition of the goods or services for which the debts were contracted. They make it clear that they will not try to show whether these debts differ essentially from commercial transactions.

In their third chapter, the authors analyze the incidence of taxation in the creditor and debtor countries, and compare the hypothetical burdens of the taxpayers in all the

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countries concerned if this, that, or some other basis of repayment were adopted. The chapter concludes with observations calculated to give the impression that if all the debts to this country were to be funded on the same scale as that of Great Britain, the taxpayers of the United States "as a whole might secure relief of slightly less than 5 percent, or $3.50 per capita," while on the other hand, Ossa would be piled upon Pelion so far as the tax burdens of the debtors were concerned.

The volume contains a lengthy survey of the effects of international payments in the past, from which the reviewer turns with the impression that since so much space was reserved for the topic, a more complete investigation might have been given to the examples selected, and perhaps to other cases of the sort. The conclusions are clearly set forth, among the most interesting being that "net transfers of capital are *ultimately* received primarily in the form of an excess of commodity imports over commodity exports," and that they "are made by the paying country directly or indirectly, chiefly through the commodity balance of trade through an excess of exports over imports." The level of prices in the receiving country is forced to rise above the levels prevailing in other countries; "export prices fall relative to domestic prices" (in consequence of business expansion) "and import prices fall relative to both," imports being stimulated, and exports relatively checked.

The application of the abstract conclusions to the economic situation of the United States furnishes subject matter for some four chapters, interspersed with a number of acute and stimulating observations. It is pointed out that "the United States has reached a turning point in the international economic career which she has pursued in the last fifty years." We are certain, if the factors now operating remain in the same ratio, to become "definitely a creditor nation," and our imports must in time exceed our exports. This conclusion, too, is the dominant note of the chapter of final summary, but it is presented in a guarded and temperate fashion. The "crucial question in the debt problem" is declared to be the "shifting of industrial emphasis in the creditor and debtor nations." But reservations of considerable breadth are made, and the language employed is that of men sufficiently impressed by the complexity of the forces involved and the remote and subtle consequences of their operation.

Intensive labor was evidently directed to the organization of this report, and commendable care was shown in the selection of material. It might have made control of some of the factual data easier if there were more frequent indications of the sources; but so far as the reviewer has been able to check it up, the statistical material is accurate.

It is to be hoped that the supplementary study contemplated, or in progress, under the same auspices, will be even more guarded in tone than the preliminary monograph, in so far as relates to the shock-absorbing capacity of the future growth of the world's industry and commerce. To be sure, the book is by no means saturated with the optimism in this regard that is so current in the upper circles of finance and officialdom; but occasional phrases exceed the warrant of the reasonable prospect of things. If a second observation may fairly be made about this volume, it is to the effect that room might have been found for a more thorough exposition of the origin and economic significance of the wartime credits from the Treasury of the United States, in so far as relates to the alternatives facing the industry, agriculture, commerce and finance of this country in the winter of 1916-17. Perhaps the second

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volume of the National Industrial Conference Board will provide a helpful discussion of this point. Indeed, the absence of definite conclusions throughout the study emphasizes the likelihood that the second monograph on the subject will contain the more important contribution of the Board to this discussion.

E. A. S.

Unhuman Humans

Almost Human, by Robert M. Yerkes. New York: The Century Company. 278 pages. $3.

The Mentality of Apes, by Wolfgang Köhler. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 342 pages. $4.50.

MAN alone of the order of Primates calls himself human; the other Primates are his next-of-kin, and the Simiidæ or Anthropoid Apes are so human it hurts. Just how much more human a chimpanzee or a gorilla could become is as yet an unsolved problem, for no ape has yet had its behavior conditioned exclusively in a human family. Anyone who can read Almost Human without having his pride shocked and his conceit jarred is more than human: he is a dangerous Fundamentalist and should be kept under surveillance. And yet nothing was further from Professor Yerkes's intention, presumably, than to write a story on human evolution or a sermon on human stupidity.

Almost Human is not a textbook on monkey and ape morphology or psychology, nor claims to be; it is a fascinating and sympathetic account of the author's observations on Señora Abreu's unique colony of Primates at Havana. A chapter on the personality of the remarkable woman who established and nurtures this unique colony and a chapter on Primates in general furnish an appropriate introduction to the most intimate description of the family life of the Apes that has ever been written. Chapters on the care of captive Primates and the secret of success in breeding them will be valuable to all Primate owners and keepers and should be suggestive to those who are curious as to why Man, the Greatest Ape, is not more humane after a hundred thousand years' advantage of the merely Great Apes. The last chapter will probably be over the heads of the morons, but should stimulate thinking among grown-ups.

The hard-boiled psychologist may resent both Señora Abreu's and Professor Yerkes's anthropomorphizing of ape behavior. Nor is the reviewer quite prepared, e. g., for an orang-utan which "though friendly enough" is "somewhat mongolian in his social attitude and remains unobtrusively noncommittal or distrustful." Nor is he convinced from Señora Abreu's "vision of death" story of the death-bed behavior of one of her pets that the chimpanzee has a soul. The Señora evidently believes in ghosts —as no doubt do some of those who will read Almost Human. That story may block their acceptance of the chimpanzee as a blood relative. They might be willing to admit that man's body "evolved," but that his soul also evolved. . . . That is going too far!

The main thing is to get more humans acquainted with the fundamental facts of Man's genetic behavior. Almost Human should break the ice.

Doctor Köhler's The Mentality of Apes cannot become popular because it was written for experts, was translated by an amateur, and appears in that ponderous, often stupid, and generally unscientific International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. I venture the

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prediction that Köhler's book will outlive any one of the Library's two dozen volumes already in print, and I venture the opinion that it contains more "science" than the other twenty-four volumes combined. It is a unique record of the unique experience of a distinguished scholar who spent six years at the Anthropoid Station in Teneriffe. It is worth all the theorizing ever written as to what must have been the nature of our ancestors who took the first steps in human culture. It is an extraordinarily important book for anyone interested in the genesis of human behavior.

There are eight chapters, a conclusion, and an appendix of sixty pages on the "psychology of the chimpanzees." This appendix is of absorbing interest and alone is worth the price of the volume. These chimpanzees are not merely "almost human"; they often seem so human that the marvel is not that one family of Primates became human, but that chimpanzees themselves remain chimpanzees.

Again and again one asks what is the real difference between chimpanzees and human beings: why did Man cease to be an ape, why did he alone of the apes become human? Was it because he so organized his verbalized behavior that he duplicated the world he could manipulate with his hands and special sense organs in words which he could take to bed with him? Presumably, and yet the chimpanzees have "so many phonetic elements which are also common to human languages that their lack of articulate speech cannot be ascribed to secondary (glossolabial) limitations." They do have a language of a kind and among themselves "understand perfectly 'what is the matter,' on almost every occasion." Köhler contrasts the psychologists' theoretical helplessness to understand their language with their own "sure and clear mutual comprehension."

Their emotional register is also much greater than that of average human beings—and much of it comprehensible to the observer: "for example, rage, terror, despair, grief, pleading, desire, playfulness and pleasure." One discovers no innate reason why their language remains subjective and never designates or describes objects. And that step presumably was fundamental in the building of human culture.

Chimpanzee social behavior is even more remarkably human: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a chimpanzee kept in solitude is not a real chimpanzee at all." With them, as with us, an "outsider" is an outsider and treated with suspicion. The social group is made up of those "used to each other." They throw stones at newcomers. A single cry of anger is enough for "a wave of fury to go through the troop; from all sides they hurry to the joint attack. In the sudden transfer of the cry of fury to all the animals, whereby they seem to incite one another to ever more violent raving, there is demoniac strength, coming, surely, from the very roots of their organism."

Köhler's description of an ape's reaction to a hand-mirror quite fits the behavior of a Papuan in the interior of New Guinea to whom I handed a small mirror.

Throughout the volume one gets the impression of the boundless curiosity and tireless energy of the apes, and of a proclivity to play with things and with each other which so resembles that of children as to be quite human. And that is what they are: curious, quaint, lovable, ingenious, emotional children. They love to do things for the sheer love of it—to fish for ants in cracks in the wall with wet straws, to dip bread in the water bucket and let it drip into their outstretched lip, to climb up on boxes, to climb to the top of poles before the poles fall over, to splice short bamboo rods into a rod long enough to draw in bananas,

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to throw stones, to beat on tin cans with sticks, to whine and wheedle and beg and coax their keepers for dainties or for affection, to raise the Old Harry, to act like children who have not yet learned to act unnaturally.

Chimpanzees after all are only cousins on a collateral line. In many ways the gorillas are much more human. But we know so little about them! Why cannot we have an account of their capacity to behave like untutored human beings?

GEORGE A. DORSEY.

An American Tragedy

The Letters of Bret Harte; Assembled and edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 515 pages. $5.

THESE letters are in effect an autobiography, and a dismal autobiography they make. The first letter is dated 1866 and the last 1902, three months before Harte's death. They thus cover his entire life: California, Eastern United States; Crefeld, Germany; Glasgow, Scotland; and London, England. The recurring notes are two, ill health and money. Money was Bret Harte's burden and his obsession. In good health or bad he worked because he had to have money. Year after year he slaved away, seeking a financial independence which was never to be achieved. His literary hopes fluctuated in proportion to his income. He wrote for money to support his family, for money to get rest and recover his health. He was drawn East by the prospect of money; he gave lectures in the hope of making money; he entered the consular service to get a steady income—money; and he stayed in England for those many years because he could make more money there than in America. He made innumerable experiments at playwriting in the hope of getting money. Of a play Sue produced in New York City he wrote to his wife (October 11, 1896): "You understand that I don't care for criticism; that I am quite content if the papers abuse the play so long as the audience like it, and the thing pays." The years of separation from his wife were, of course, partially due to incompatibility, but also caused by his money difficulties. Writing to his wife from London the year after he left the consular service (1886) he said:

> It is simply a question of money, and I scarcely dare to confess to you how, as I grow older, and my best days are behind me, that assumes a paramount importance. . . . If I could even have the three thousand dollars which I send you now, assured to me, I should not hesitate to return to America.

Bret Harte's tragedy was a tragedy of money. If he had had better health it would have been a longer tragedy, but not a pleasanter.

What would have happened to him had his English and European vogue not outlasted his American popularity is hard to say. He never ceased to resent the fact that the Americans tired of him first. " . . . much as I love my own country—it does not love me sufficiently to enable me to support myself there by my pen!" Nevertheless he remained to the end patriotic, and affected a distaste for Henry James and James Russell Lowell, whom he considered sycophantic in their attitude toward the English. Yet Harte was a thoroughly deracinated person. He struck no roots. And his stories were equally rootless. The superficial glamor of his California work gave him a temporary

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popularity. Though, as his biographer Merwin is so industrious in proving, each detail and plot may exactly correspond with a known fact or situation, he nevertheless failed to render with any accuracy the ethos of the situation, which was what made it fundamentally peculiar. Consequently Josiah Royce very rightly complained of the "intolerable romanticism of Bret Harte." It matters not at all that the details are correct, if the spirit be wrongly rendered, when one is seeking to portray a peculiar social situation such as the California of mining times. Like so many others of his generation, Harte had a false literary philosophy. He and they thought literature was something fine, apart and pleasantly idealistic. What pathetic wreckage their work is now—the work of Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich! That Harte was one of the group may be prettily illustrated by comparing his stories and those of Aldrich. Both writers wrote carefully and planned neatly, and both were graceful—and hollow. How hollow Harte was may be judged from the total lack of intellectual interests betrayed in these letters. Literarily he was a burner of straw.

It is ironic, then, that Harte was a victim of as cruel an economic tragedy as any in American literary history. And what devastating irony it is that the gloomy, sordid story is spread before the whole world.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

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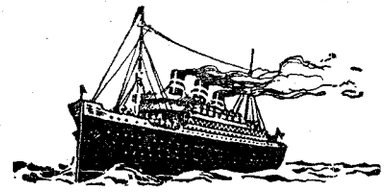

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